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NOTHING LOST.

BY MARY LOWE.

There is no heat, however lost and straying
From the green pastures and the narrow
road,
But see afar, sometimes, the soft light
playing
Around the summit of the mount of God;
And seeing, longs to try the upward climbing
Of that hard path that leads away from
night,
To where the sun-dimmed ear can catch the
chiming
Of souls triumphant who have reached the
height.
And sometimes hands well trained to evil
uses,
Will drop the weapons of their sin and
strife,
And take instead the cross of one who
chooses
To lose all things and gain eternal life.
Tis true, the eye that sees the mountain
glowing,
May turn to shadows ere the day is done;
The feet more eager in their upward going,
May falter ere the race is well begun;
The hands may drop the burdens and the
crosses;
The quickened ear forget the heavenly song;
The wrecked soul drift, forgetful of its losses,
And all the right go back again to wrong.
And yet while life goes on, a restless fever,
With good ennobled and with evil cursed,
Each restless longing, and each grand en-
deavor,
And each high hope, are to that fever's thirst
Like one more drop from a celestial river,
That waters all the region, wide and fair,
Where wanderers go no more out forever.
When once have shut the golden gates of
prayer.

THE MATTERHORN.

BY REV. HENRY W. WARREN.

The Matterhorn is such a mountain
as was for a long time deemed inac-
cessible by men who could stand with
perfectly steady nerves on any pre-
cipice, who could face a cliff and let
another man scramble up their backs,
then take the upper man's feet in their
hands and lift him up till he could find
some projection to which he could cling
with finger nails and eyelids, and by an
indefinite repetition of the process
scale any accessible height. It is such
a mountain that four out of the seven
who first made the ascent, fell four fifths
of a mile almost perpendicularly in at-
tempting to come down. It requires
such care in descent, that it takes five
hours to come down a distance that was
ascended in three hours. It is such a
spike of a mountain, that men have de-
clared that no power could have driven
it up through the crust of the earth,
and left it standing on end. Thus it
remained the *pons asinorum* of geolo-
gists, till some one declared that it was
but the remaining splinter of a once
lofty range.

Now that is an easy thing to read
and accept; but power to comprehend
must result from a very extensive edu-
cation, under the tuition of the hugest
object-teaching the Creator ever set on
foot in this world. It is easy to believe
that a mountain range has been lifted
as high, or higher than the Matterhorn;
but the crucial question is, what has
become of the rest of it? What
force so mighty as to carry away huge
mountains, and yet so quiet as not to
topple down the splinter that remains?
You commence the a, b, c, of your
education at Vesp, Switzerland, or Cha-
tillon, Italy. You see swift, tumultu-
ous rivers, running freight trains that
never stop, and never get by on ex-
press time and a fearful down grade,
never encumbering the road by return-
ing empty cars, and the whole unend-
ing train, for uncounted thousands of
years, while as milk with powdered
rock. And so it will carry freight from
mountain to sea, as long as gravitation
draws, and the sun returns, the empty
trains along the upper air lines.

You get a new text book on the same
subject, as you pass over acres of rock
fresh, hundreds of feet deep, that some
mountain torrent tore out of a gully
and spread over the plain. Two days
before I passed Frutigen, a swollen

mountain torrent put its nose under a
few million tons of rock, rolled it down
the mountain, pulverized it with its own
weight, covered three farms, and buried
a saw mill fifteen feet deep in ten min-
utes. You never know when one of
these stout fellows will roll up his
sleeves and go to work. I have seen
in twenty different places where such
shovelers have been at work this sum-
mer, as would fill the Back Bay in twen-
ty-four hours if they could be kept
steadily at it, under proper direction.—
I would contract to fill at \$10 an acre,
if I had one under my control. There
is one feeder for the down freight train
of the river.

You go into a higher class in the
same branch of education, as you walk
along narrow valleys under precipices
a few thousand feet high. There is a
hundred or two feet of debris at the foot
of the cliff. But out in the plain you
see where these mountain Titans have
been playing marbles, and left their
little pebbles, ten, twenty or seventy-five
feet in diameter, lying loose round the
play ground. They drop them every
year. You see that have rushed
down like thunderbolts this very sum-
mer. Think of having one of these un-
invited visitors hastily knock at your
back door some dark night, and ask ad-
mittance. There is no time to parley,
and you can't well refuse. The natives
often put their houses in the lee of a
great fellow in case another should fol-
low the same track.

But much of this material is too
course for the rivers' carrying. There
must be some almost infinite mill to
grind the grist to powder. Well, there
is—hundreds of them. Some are twenty
miles long, five miles wide, and seven
hundred feet deep. They are greatly
reduced from what they once were, but
still they do a thriving business, and
each one gives a river more rock dust
than it can carry. Of course I mean
the glaciers.

Now come about two thirds the way
up the Matterhorn, full high enough for
you or me, and finish your education.
Perhaps you have sat in the lamented
Powers' studio at Florence, and seen the
chips fly from the solid marble, and
feature after feature of some friendly face
appear. Here beamed a smile; there
thought mounted its throne; and every-
where soul appeared. Alas, since the
time of Pygmalion, it is only the soul of
the worker. So I sit down here and
see God working away at the Matter-
horn. I hear the fall of the pieces
chipped away. It is impossible to ap-
proach many parts of the mountain, on
account of the constant cannonade of
rocks from above. You see what you
take to be a well-trodden path to the
summit—it is a well-trodden path from
the summit. And such a valley of
stones, broken from the steep sides,
rushes down the path that you can
scarcely cross between the shots.

What becomes of the pieces? Look
down on two sides, and afterwards on
the third, and there are those immense
ice mills ready to receive, crush and
deliver to the swift river all that
comes. Look at the northeast side.
The Matterhorn glacier covers the first
portion of the mountain base, where
snow can linger. It does its best with
the debris of that whole side. Then it
delivers it over to the Zmut glacier for
a second grinding. There is a grist
that covers twenty square miles. But
so thoroughly is its work done, that
there is no terminal moraine at the
lower end. The river can lift it all.
Glance at the southeast side. There
runs the Fuggen glacier, doing the same
work. So on the south side. There-
fore the rivers never lack their burden;
therefore there is no accumulation of
chips about the foot of the monument,
or statue, not yet done.

One might think this process would
tend to flatness, and not precipitous-
ness. Not so. Clear away the foot of
a mountain, and the pressure of the
superincumbent mass is so immense,
that rock will not abide, but flies in
splinters. Coal often leaps out like
grape shot from the breast of a gallery,
because it cannot endure the pressure
of the mountain above. The lower
down, the greater the pressure, and the
greater the tendency to break away.
Thus the mountain is undermined. Then
follows a breaking down of the cliffs
above, and where a range of mountains
stood sublime there only remains a
solitary shaft. The rest is on the plains
of Italy, Switzerland, and in the sea.

Never shall I forget my first clear
vision of its majesty and glory. It had
rained dimly all night. But up in
its upper airs the wind had driven the
moist snow against its steep sides, and
whitened it from summit to base. At
nine o'clock Sunday morning, the en-
folding clouds rolled away, and it stood
out in the heavens above, without any
visible support, white as an angel's
wing, pure and stable enough for the
throne of God. I felt awed and almost
afraid. For an hour or two the shift-
ing clouds gave us visions of as much
as we could bear, till we went to church
and heard the lesson of the day: "In
His hands are the deep places of earth;
the strength of the hills is His also."

COURMAYEUR, July 18.

ST. PAUL ON MARS HILL.

BY HENRY BATLIES.

The address of St. Paul, reported in
the 17th Chapter of the Acts, conse-
crated Mars Hill a sacred mountain.
The Court of the Areopagus would be
unknown to the common reader, had
not Paul, the astute lawyer, the elo-
quent orator, the profound thinker, the
Christian Minister, made it famous by
his unequalled oration in defense and
promulgation of the Christian faith.

Often I had read this oration, and
deemed it masterly; but not till I stood
on the very spot where Paul stood, and
there read it again and again, did I be-
gin to comprehend the fullness of
meaning which those few words so
glowingly express. Almost every
thought and word were suggested by
the objects around him, upon which his
eyes fell while he spoke. On turning
to the oration, as recorded in my pocket
bible, I find almost every line, or words
in every line, underscored; and I re-
member that I made these marks on the
spot, as I seemed to see in the temples,
altars, statuary and scenery the very
places from which these thoughts were
mined. If Demosthenes was indebted
to the thrilling surroundings of his
bema for somewhat of the power with
which he moved the Athenian people,
Paul, undoubtedly, was indebted, in
part, to the same thrilling surroundings
for the masterly eloquence of his ad-
dress.

So full is this oration of religious
truth, and so dependent for its full ex-
pression upon a knowledge of the place
and surroundings, that I will ven-
ture a little upon a topographical illus-
tration of Mars Hill. The hill is a
rough, rugged, rocky crest, precipitous
on three sides, and sloping on the west-
erly end, which rises to the height of
about 250 feet above the plain of Attica.
The surface of the hill is very rough,
except in two places, near the eastern
end, which are smoothed by the chisel,
probably as a resting place for some
small edifice, which, whatever its uses
may have been, long ago fell to ruins.
In the south-easterly part of the rocky
crest are eighteen steps, two of which
are nearly destroyed, cut in the living
rock and leading from the ancient
Agora to the summit. Near the landing
on the summit, a rectangular space is
quarried out to the depth of perhaps
eighteen inches, around three sides of
which is a bench or seat cut in the rock.
This is supposed to have been the wool-
sack for the honorable Judges of this
honorable court. In the "midst of
Mars Hill" is a rough elevation of the
rock, like a small rough boulder, about
two feet higher than the surrounding
surface, upon which, doubtless, Paul
stood when he delivered his address.

The summit of Mars Hill, upon which
an audience could stand, hear, and see
a speaker, standing where I have sup-
posed Paul to have stood, is about 150
feet long by about 90 feet wide. Ex-
cepting the steps, the court area and
bench, and the scarping referred to, the
summit of the Areopagus is rough as it
came from the hand of the Creator.
The rock is a sort of red variegated
marble. A few daisies, and a running,
thorny vine, constituted the vegetable
productions of the summit. We walk
up these steps, which St. Paul ascended
more than 1,800 years ago, seek the
"midst of Mars Hill," and stand on
Paul's rough pulpit, which is the most
suitable point from which he could ad-
dress the Athenians who crowded the
summit and gathered around the south-
erly and easterly base of the hill.

Facing the seats of the judges of the
Areopagus, Paul must have faced the
Acropolis, which is east of the Areopa-
gus, and is likewise a rocky crest
about 100 feet higher than the Areopa-
gus, and near to it. The Acropolis is
still crowned with the exquisite gems
of Grecian architecture, but in ruins.
As it was then, Paul must have looked
upon the splendid Propylaea of the Acro-
polis, and upon the lofty and magnif-
icent statue of Minerva, the patron god-
dess of Athens—at least her face, hel-
met, shield and spear must have been
seen above the Propylaea. On the right
of the Propylaea was the Temple of
Wingless Victory, while within the
walls of the Acropolis, and probably
concealed from his view, stood the world
renowned Parthenon, or Temple of Mi-
nerva, the elegant Erechtheum, the most
revered of all the sanctuaries of Athens,
and other wonderful shrines. Looking
a little to the right of the Acropolis,
his eyes would fall almost upon the
Theatre, Odeon and Stadium, while
a little beyond, and concealed by the
Acropolis, stood the then unfinished,
though magnificent temple of Jupiter
Olympus.

A little further south, the Saronic
Gulf spreads its deep blue waters, from
which rises the bold Ægina. Sweep
ing still to the right, past Museum Hill,
St. Paul could have looked upon Sala-
mis, and upon the "rocky brow" rising
from the sea, where Xerxes sat while
he reviewed the famous naval battle of
Salamis, in which 480 Greek ships de-
feated 1200 of Xerxes'. Nearer to him,
and almost at his right hand, resting on

the southerly side of the Areopagus,
was the temple of Mars, from whom the
Hill took its name, he being the first
person, according to Pausanias, who was
here tried on the charge of murder—the
murder of Halirrothius—from
which the court acquired his name. Just
below him, on the right or southerly
side of Mars Hill, was the Agora, where
he had discussed the novel doctrines of
the Gospel. Across the Agora, not
more than three minutes' walk from
where Paul stood, was the famous be-
ma of Demosthenes, a platform cut
from the living rock, and reached by
stone steps, from which Demosthenes,
Themistocles, Aristides, Solon and
others addressed and aroused the Athen-
ian people. Here, in the Agora, the
people of Athens met "to tell or to
hear some new thing," and here was
the principal street of Athens, the altars
of the twelve gods, and the grand ap-
proach to the Acropolis.

Turning his eyes to the left of the
Acropolis, St. Paul looked upon the
ridge of Hymettus, the imposing
back-ground of the picture. Close at
his left hand, at the northerly side of
the east end of Mars Hill, was and is
a deep fissure, or wide, long chasm,
where stood, as is supposed, the Temple
of the Furies, who were invoked to
avenge the breach of filial duty, and
were considered as the punishers of
perjury. All around at his left, and
close up to the very Hill of the Areopa-
gus, nestled the ancient city, shadowed
only by the Areopagus, upon which sat
the court of highest authority, and the
Acropolis, crowned and begemmed
with temples of the highest sanctity.
Lifting his eyes from the city far be-
neath him, he saw the lofty, conical Ly-
cættus, rising abruptly, though grace-
fully, from the plain of Attica; and be-
yond, the rosy summit of Mt. Pentel-
icus, from which, in fancy, he may
have looked down upon the mountain-
circled plain of Marathon. Still fur-
ther on his left, amidst the plain of
Attica, now beautiful with its olives
and vines, was the garden of the
Academy, the favorite resort of Plato.
Nearly behind him, rose the still elan-
gent and magnificent Temple of The-
seus, the founder of Athens, who, how-
ever, shared with Hercules the honors
of his shrine.

[To be continued.]

HOW A LOG CABIN IS BUILT.

BY PROF. HOLTON.

A young friend has just shown me a
very pretty picture of a log cabin,
drawn entirely from imagination, and
showing decided evidence that it was
never copied from nature. It has led
me to describe the process of build-
ing one, as I have helped build a
few, and have often seen comfort, hap-
piness, piety, and refinement in them.
More than a third of all the Methodist
ministers in America have lived in one.

In the first place, from fifty to a hun-
dred logs are drawn together, mostly cut
of two lengths, straight, and not too
thick. As some logs will cut longer
than others, the lengths of fifteen and
twenty feet are easier to find than to
make a square house of 17-feet logs,
because many desirable ones will fall a
little short. These are disposed in four
piles, on four sides of the place where
the house is to stand, and in each pile
half the butts are one way, and half to
the other. Then the neighbors are
called in, including two or three friends
of the builder's wife. These last bring
their cooking utensils, including pots,
and broad, shallow, flat-bottomed, iron
kettles, with covers on which coals can
be laid. These are called ovens. In
them are put biscuits, fresh pork, chick-
ens, wild turkeys, beef, etc., of which I
have a sorry remembrance.

The men first put down two of the
longer logs opposite each other, with
both butts in the same direction, and
the width of the house apart. Their ends
generally rest on blocks. Eight or ten
of the smaller ones are laid upon these,
with a flat spot cut on the butt of each,
so that the upper surface of them all
shall be tolerably level. The floor is to
be laid on them. A "saddle" is cut
on each end of the first logs laid down;
this is two surfaces meeting like the two
roofs of a building. In two shorter
logs, which are the beginning of the
end walls, notches are cut so as ex-
actly to fit the saddles. These make a
joint, out of which the water will run.
Two more side logs are next put on,
the butts over the tips of the first. Sad-
dles and notches are cut so freely as to
let these logs almost touch those below
them. If they really "ride" in any
place, they are hewn so that they will
set at the corners.

As the walls rise, and the work of
rolling up the logs becomes harder, be-
lated neighbors can drop in. Four nim-
ble axes at the corners finish notches and
saddles, which are partly cut on the
ground. When high enough for the ceil-
ing, another set of logs is laid all
along, for a chamber floor. The walls
may still rise a few rounds, and then
are put on two end logs that are five or
six feet longer than those below them.
The next side logs are small, and not

over those below them, but further
out, and mark the place for the eaves.
Each pair of end-logs is now shorter
and shorter; the roof-poles are put
upon them, so that the space between
them is three or four feet, till the last
short pair of end logs bears the ridge-
pole. All hands now adjourn to sup-
per.

The only entrance to this log-pen is
to crawl under the lower end logs, or
climb in at the top. The next thing is
to cut in the doors and windows. A
log near the top of each opening is
chopped till a saw can be put in, and
the desired number of logs is sawed off
in two places, and the openings are
made. Stout flat pieces of wood are
put at the sides, with a wooden pin
running through them into each log, to
hold them in place. Logs split open,
and laid flat side up, may constitute
the floor. These logs are called pun-
cheons. Logs are cut five feet long,
and split into broad flat pieces—"boards"—for the roof and ceiling.
"Weight-poles" hold the roof on.
"Shutters" are made to the doors and
windows.

The fireplace and hearth are made
from stones; the chimney is built of
straight split sticks, laid as the walls
of the house were, and the interstices
filled with mud or mortar. The inter-
stices between the log walls are filled
with split wood-chunks; and lastly, as
much mud is "daubed" in as can be
made to stay there. Long before this
the house is inhabited, and perhaps for
an entire winter before daubing, or
even chinking. Wooden pins are
driven into the logs for shelves, and
to hang things on. A few nails are
quite convenient in making shutters for
the doors and windows. If the family
prosperes, the time may come when one
or two six-light sashes with glass will
enable them to shut their door, and yet
be able to see.

Families often go West to retrieve
their fortunes, and sometimes they suc-
ceed without the loss of a life. But if
they would endure half the privation
and coarseness here, within four miles
of the State House, they could recover
themselves more quickly, more surely,
and with less risk to body and soul.
But a desire to carry the gospel to de-
stitute regions has carried many a circuit
preacher and Presiding Elder into just
such a log cabin.

ON THE OCEAN.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

I am inclined to speak well of the
Atlantic—on the whole. To be sure,
it has some drawbacks; but then what
has not? Seasickness, for example,
can hardly be considered a pleasant dis-
order (I think that is not putting it
too strongly); indeed, it may safely be
said there is nothing intrinsically so
small an ill which brings a person for
the time so near the verge of despair—
makes him so blue, so utterly wretched.
It empties him not only of food and
strength, but of all hopes and ambi-
tions. When one's own bowels appear
to have acquired an antipathy to him,
he can hardly help feeling that he has
no friends left. The whole voyage rep-
resents itself in no other aspect than as
one prolonged agony. He comes to
sympathize most thoroughly with the
one who said there remained to him but
a single purpose in life: to find and
kick the man who wrote "A life on the
ocean wave."

But after all, such feelings are only
of short duration. In a day or two, all
is changed; and the very person who
was so exercised about the aforesaid
anonymous author, will probably find
himself, as he lolls on the quarter-deck,
some lovely night, humming the very
lines he detested. In truth, there are
few more thoroughly enjoyable things
than a pleasant evening on the ocean.
You lie in your easy-chair, feeling a
perfect right to do nothing but muse;
the ceaseless throb of the mighty en-
gines underneath, and the long line of
foam, mingled with the phosphorescent
glow behind, tell that you are being
driven ever forward to your destination;
the trusty stars look down upon the
fickle waves; the quiet moon pours its
mellow light upon the sparkling water,
stretching a broad path of liquid splen-
dor from the ship to the far horizon;
the restless sea has calmed its turbu-
lence till it seems scarcely more than
an inland lake, and yet there is the
added grandeur of naught but sea and
sky; against the drifting clouds the
huge sails flap and fill, and the dark
wreaths of smoke spin lazily away into
the distance; around on the deck are
various groups in pleasant conver-
sation; now the sound of music floats
through the air; sometimes it is a col-
lege chorus, sometimes a Christian
hymn, or a song of the home circle.
And so the tranquil hours speed on.

We did not have many of these de-
lightful evenings. Fog hung persist-
ently around us for a large part of our
passage; and though, of course, there
is really no danger on a Cunard
steamer, yet the monotonous sounding
of the fog whistle, blown every few
minutes, and the anxious looks of the

officers could but suggest unpleasant
possibilities. By the way, what an ex-
cellent plan it would be, if there were
some such arrangement to avoid dan-
gerous collisions between men of oppo-
site ideas—if a whistle of some sort
could be sounded, or a signal be given,
to prevent people of contrary views
from butting against each other with
much damage of feelings; for I suppose
it is when people go into the fog, and
are not at all sure of their own position,
that they are most apt to attack their
neighbors with unreasonable ferocity.
By all means, let us have a mental fog
whistle. We experienced no injury
from the fog, however, beyond some
slight detention, and did not feel much
alarmed, though perhaps we might
have done so had we known that at that
very time the steamer "City of Wash-
ington" lay beating on the rocks of
Nova Scotia, out of her course because
of these same banks of mist.

Ship-life, to a landsman, has many
points of interest, acquaintance with
which goes far to repay him for a few
days of confinement within oaken walls.
The discipline on board a Cunarder is
similar to that in a man-of-war—very
strict; and the quiet effectiveness with
which everything is done—no loud or-
ders, no hurry or confusion—im-
presses you that the drill has been per-
fect. The officers seem to have little
to do; the captain is a man of leisure,
full of jovial remark as he passes pleas-
antly about among his passengers; but
every man on the ship is at his post,
knowing well his duty, knowing also
that any deviation from it will be swiftly
punished. All things are promptly
done; the meals (five a day regularly,
and more if desired) are served elabo-
rately and punctually, no matter how
many are to be fed. Every half hour the
ship's bell is struck to indicate the time.

The sailors' songs are a feature of no
little interest. As they haul the great
sails to their places, standing at the
ropes in a long row, a score or more of
hardy tars, the leader strikes up, and
sings alone, with not unmusical voice,
some rhyming story. After every line,
they all join in right lustily, with a
ringing chorus that is apt to tarry for
many days in the memory of him who
hears it. A vigorous pull on the rope
at each bar of the chorus, answers in-
stead of beating time; and thus the
toilsome work is sweetened. These
rough sailors have also a variety of
rough games, which the passengers en-
joy watching at a respectful distance,
but which they would not find it too
pleasant to participate in; and still less
would they enjoy being ordered aloft,
at the boatswain's whistle, to hang
on the yard at a dizzy height, furling
the flapping sail. The sailor leads a
hard life that we may have our luxu-
ries from foreign climes, or go about
the world on trips of pleasure. Do we
always remember what is paid for our
comfort? Still more forgotten prob-
ably by the careless traveler, are the
firemen way down in the bowels of the
ship, working night and day between
the long lines of great furnaces, in a
heat that almost takes the breath, and
does bring out floods of constant pers-
piration. Thirty of them are there,
ever feeding the mighty fires that call
for fifty, seventy, eighty, tons of coal
a day. And thus it always is, we could
not help thinking. Hidden from obser-
vation, too low down to be much seen
of men, are the sweaty toilers, without
whom society could not go happily on,
by whom the wheels of great reforms
are kept steadily moving.

There is not much excitement or vari-
ety in a passage across the ocean. If
a whale chances to spout near by, in-
stantly the cry is in every mouth. And
even the appearance of another vessel
on the blank horizon calls for general
remark. Occasionally a fellow voyager
over the deep comes near enough to
interchange signals. We learn each
other's name, with possibly a few more
items of information, flags are dipped
in courtesy, and we go our respective
ways again. And do we much more
than this in life? I found myself ask-
ing. We meet, learn a few facts about
each other, feel a pleasant interest, and
interchange various courtesies; but
after all, we sail on different courses,
and in every variety of craft, although
perhaps to reach the same harbor at last.

Of all our little excitements, I think
the porpoises afforded as much delight
as anything. They would throw them-
selves out of the water with such beau-
tiful curves, arching the distance from
wave to wave. Their forms were so lithe
and sleek, and motions so graceful
and swift—now darting along just
beneath the water, now leaping wholly
out of it, seeming to sport, yet really
outstripping our goodly steamer, that
we were never tired of watching them.
The sea gulls, too, that followed us in
large numbers as we approached the
coast, were very pretty. The bread
that was thrown to them they would
dart down eagerly into the water to
get, and then skim and soar with steady
pinion, or flap their long white wings
with every variety of beautiful motion.

The last two days of our voyage were
much the best. The fogs were gone,
and bright sunshine saluted us. People
had become sufficiently acquainted with
each other to feel very much at home
together. All were in high spirits at
getting so near the other shore. The
sea was calm, and even those who had
suffered most from sickness, recovered
now, and appeared on deck with cheer-
ful faces. All things conspired to our
comfort. And then the scenery of the
Irish and Welsh coast. It was a de-
lightful surprise to almost every one.
We had not been expecting anything
half so fine—had read no elaborate
descriptions, heard no glowing eulo-
gies. This, doubtless, added to our
enjoyment; and we were also, it must
be said, fairly hungry, after ten days of
ocean, for just such a treat. The first
land that met our longing eyes was the
Skelligs, the scene of Jean Ingelow's
story—a lonely island some distance
from the coast; then Isle after Isle, and
point after point of rocky headland
came on in quick succession.

The cliffs on this part of Ireland rear
themselves against the sea with bold,
precipitous front; the tops are covered
with verdure; but the sides are
scarred and gashed and seamed by
many centuries of conflict with the ele-
ments. The outlines of the hills were
very striking, rolling along the horizon
with every variety of contour, one
range back of another, peak after peak,
right after right. Above all were the
clouds, with many changing colors, and
below all, at the foot of the crags, beat
and broke the ocean. It was a de-
lightful panorama that unfolded before
us as the ship sailed by, giving us a
point of observation ever new. I cannot
pause now to write you a descrip-
tion of it. Fastnet Rock, the harbor
lights at Queenstown, where we landed
some of our company at midnight, the
stern, majestic grandeur of old Holy-
head, the weird beauty of the dimly
seen mountains of Wales, the sail up
the Mersey to the dock at Liverpool,
must all go unchronicled by this pen.
Suffice it to say that we came safe to
land, with many a pleasant recollection
of the voyage, and many an anthem of
praise to that divine Guardian who had
kept us so safely in the hollow of His
hand while on the ocean.

A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE LEWIS TAPPAN.

The ruling characteristic of that il-
lustrious hero of our late heroic age,
Lewis Tappan, was the intensely strong
hold with which moral considerations
fastened upon him. It was the obliga-
tions of religious duty that led him to
break away from old and respectable
associations, and to commit himself
fully, at whatever hazard, to the then
rising, but very odious anti-slavery
movement. One circumstance con-
nected with his career, calculated to
show how that Providence sometimes
makes our very persecutions work to-
gether for our good when we walk up-
rightly, I have not seen alluded to in
any of the late notices of his character
and distinguished services.

Such were the popular odium and
battered attaching to Mr. Tappan during
his early anti-slavery career; and such
accordingly, the peril to which both his
person and property were exposed, no
insurance company in New York was
willing to become responsible for the
safety of his possessions. He was,
therefore, compelled, as best he might,
to insure in companies out of town.
The consequence of this bit of petty
persecution was, that when, with hun-
dreds of others, Mr. Tappan saw his
property swept away in the great New
York fire, he recovered quite every dol-
lar of his insurance; while

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

ROBERTSON AND THE SABBATH.
BY REV. A. PRINCE.

Nine editions of the sermons of Frederic W. Robertson have been issued in the United States. One of these sermons is entitled "The Shadow and Substance of the Sabbath;" another, "The Sabbath and the Sabbath-keeping." On page 80, of Harper's edition, 1870, the origin of the institution is thus given: "The observance of one day in seven, therefore, is purely Jewish." The Old Testament records that God rested on, and also blessed and sanctified the seventh day, twenty-five hundred years before the Jewish nation had an existence. The New Testament declares that the Sabbath was made for man. The statement that the institution is "purely Jewish," seems alike incompatible with its date in the earlier, and its design in the later records.

The character of the so-called Jewish Sabbath and of the Christian Lord's Day, is, on page 86, thus stated: "Thou shalt do no manner of work;" the other is principally for the soul—"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Now, we cannot admit what the above utterance implies, namely, that Moses was unmindful of the souls of men, and that Christ was indifferent as to their bodies. The provision for humanity is not, in either Testament, thus incomplete or one-sided. Nor can we admit that the fourth commandment does absolutely forbid all labor on the Sabbath. Again and again Mr. R. affirms that it does; but it does not. The language does not require such an interpretation. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work;" on the Sabbath "thou shalt not do any work," plainly any of "thy work"—labor for your own interest merely; or, in other words, the service interdicted on the seventh day is not all activity, but that which is enjoined on the other six days.

Other scriptures will not admit of the interpretation of which Mr. R. tries to make so much. Our Lord declared that His Father and Himself worked—that the priests in the Temple profaned the Sabbath, and were blameless—and that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath days. We conclude that all Sabbath labor, imperatively demanded either by the worship of God or the wants of mankind, is not our work, but God's work, and may be done on God's Day without in the least infracting the fourth commandment. Our author could not have been ignorant of the above cited words of Christ; but he must have been unmindful of them, for they are fatal to his exposition of the Sabbath law.

Nor is it true that the Sabbath was "chiefly for the body." Holiness has its seat in the soul; it is the source and spring of true rectitude in the life. Now, the main, the earliest complete injunction of the statute is to keep the Sabbath holy. All that it afterward enjoins is subordinate to this—a condition, rather than the essence of its proper observance. Mr. R. does not quote this all important clause. To have done so would have well nigh spoiled both his sermons.

Mr. R. further insists, that if the fourth commandment is still binding, it not only ordains "no manner of work," but also "the sanctification of the seventh day, and not the first." And again, page 84, "having altered the seventh day to the first, I know not why one in seven might not be altered to one in ten." These quotations assume that the change from the seventh to the first day was wrong, and also that to vary the order of observance is equivalent to changing the proportion of time. Let us first examine the second of these assumptions. A servant is put in charge of a farm, and directed to carry to the owner every seventh bushel of wheat that the fields produce. The tenant thinks that it would be more respectful to serve his landlord before he does himself, and therefore sets apart the first bushel, instead of the seventh. Please observe that this is not done with a view to escaping work, or gaining any other advantage to himself. The grain is measured by the same standard, and carried with the same frequency as before. In the case of the Sabbath, the first day comes as often, and lasts as long as the seventh; those that keep it neither gain one moment of time, nor save a single act of service by their course. The essence of the command is to keep holy one day in seven. The order of reckoning is at most but an incident. To confound things so unlike, even if there existed no warrant for observing the first day, and no difficulty in ascertaining the precise period of the seventh, seems both unfair and misleading.

The accepted arguments for keeping the Lord's day need not here be cited. They are such as to satisfy ninety-nine in one hundred of the Christian world. Christ early met with, and approved those that on the first day of the week gathered in His name; He still meets with and approves them.

The difficulties that attend this subject claim a little more space. Duration is steadily flowing; the earth is constantly revolving. Now, to adjust precise periods of passing time to given localities in space upon a moving body, and to do this so as to uniformly preserve chronological identity all around the world, would require extremely nice calculations; and in the case of those that traverse the earth, crossing meridians of longitude, the difficulties will be greatly increased. Some interesting illustrations upon these matters are furnished by discussion, either contained in, or elicited by, a book entitled

"Tour Around the World in Twenty-four Hours," lately written by one French philosopher and criticised by another. A few of these illustrations may here be cited. They are simple, and some of them familiar facts:

Leave Paris Thursday noon, and go around the world via Brest, New York, San Francisco and Yeddo, making 15 degrees of longitude every hour, and at whatever place you inquire the time, they will tell you it is Thursday, 12 o'clock, M. They will continue to do this until you return to Paris. But once there, a man on the other side of a board fence will tell you, and tell you truly too, that it is Friday noon. By one method of reckoning, your voyage has consumed twenty-four hours; by another, it has not occupied one moment.

A second fact is, that to sail around the world to the east, gains a day; and to sail to the west, loses a day. A third fact is, that in the administration of governments, and in the business of life, the singular things above cited are recognized, and the emergencies they occasion are carefully provided for. For example: a day's extra rations is furnished to the ships of the French navy, which, leaving Europe, double the Cape of Good Hope; while a day's rations is withheld from vessels rounding Cape Horn. The point for making the days agree, has, through an international convention, been fixed at the meridian of Manilla. Captains of vessels are of course sometimes compelled to change the date in their log-books. This also is done under a rule and at a certain meridian.

[To be continued.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTIAN JOURNALISM.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

Christian civilization orders swords to the rear; pens to the front! Tongue and pen are gradually changing in relative importance; the one decreasing, the other as certainly increasing. A high Christian civilization demands the pen. Oratory reaches a few hundreds; the able and eloquent writer, thousands and even millions. The most important literary question, to-day, is Christian Journalism, which not only keeps up with, but leads a progressive world.

The great want is not ecclesiastical writing, but that governed and inspired by the spirit of the Divine Teacher. Indeed, there should seldom be an article religious in form, but always so in principle and spirit. That a religious periodical should have a specific style, is a great mistake. It should simply have the very best literary style. Making many books implies many writers; but surely there are not many writers who have the peculiar gifts and graces to enter the work of journalism. The Christian Church ought to have produced a Raymond, a Bennett, a Greeley. Though the *Times*, the *Herald* and the *Tribune* may be able to conduct, and command a wide influence, yet first-class readers feel to exclaim—

"O for a touch of a vanished hand,
And a sound of a voice that is still!"

Without approving or disapproving the gentlemen named, we simply say that Horace Greeley made the *Tribune*; we cannot think of it without thinking of him. It was Mr. Greeley put through steam-presses, and flying over telegraph wires, through the length and breadth of this land. Some can never see the difference between words and ideas, nor distinguish between spilling ink and wasting paper and the high and holy work of writing as to move the world to a higher place of thought, a purer atmosphere for the soul's breathing, and a holier inspiration in all of life's great work. Too often a blessed sameness drags its weary length along. It is in vain to say that there must be line upon line, and that the people ought to read such matter. Your smartest young women and young men do no such thing.

There are periodicals devoted to the highest themes known to man. If we had the choice of reading them through life, or of going inside the walls of a prison, without crime, we would be sorely tempted to accept the latter. Their repetitious dullness is enough to start the perspiration on an iceberg. The plan of the whole thing is still radically wrong. There are too many papers, and too few employed in them. The demand is not for more space but more brains. Who expects one, or even two or three persons, to build a ship, or run extensive steamboat lines?

But, says one, all passable writers in the Churches should help the editor. Well, he might have to cry out in anguish of spirit, "save me from my friends." Just here is one of the most lamentable mistakes in this all important question. The editorial life should be a profession—a mission to this redeemed world. The person should be almost a monomaniac. As a profession it should be well paid. You have no more reason to ask a man or woman to write for nothing, than you have to ask them to build a thousand miles of railroad without compensation. A live person, in order to write, must buy books and periodicals of the higher character, and read them too; and this takes money and time. Let them put their very best work into Christian Journalism; not write down, but up to the people. Any one will understand a clear, powerful, pointed, pithy, rare article. Dr. Cuyler is read and understood by the millions.

Some seem to think that dullness is piety. As they increase in dull platitudes, they think they are growing in grace; certainly, they have reached a

very high perfection. Persons should not be admitted because of their reputation in other directions—in some cases, a mere fictitious reputation; or because of their place of residence. Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, etc., have a common per cent. of ordinary mortals. Persons may have reputation in other things, especially Christian Journalism. If anything should be instinct with life, it is a religious paper.

Another evil under the sun, is a dead level. Even thunder-storms in the Gulf Stream make no impressions and create no sensations, except abdominal, because they are so common; the thunder and the lightnings flash all the time. There should be Niagara Falls, mountains, earthquakes, tornadoes, whirlwinds, etc.—not bald and barren mountains, but mountains wet with the dew of heaven, and radiant with the light of eternity; not simply a foaming, frothy Niagara, but real ones. How much purer the atmosphere, and how much easier the breathing after a tremendous thunder-storm. So in the mental and moral world. How many are dying of suffocation! We should not tone down, but up. God is just as partial to earthquakes as He is to the mild sun-light, or even the still gentler starlight—to Niagara's awful voice, as to an angel's whisper. As "nature abhors a vacuum," so the God of nature abhors sameness, and things neither cold nor hot.

Perhaps the most difficult work in Christian Journalism is paragraphs, items and general reporting. This department might be made the most interesting and profitable part of the paper; but only by first-class talent and experience. It is thought by some that any common writer will do for a paragraphist, itemist or reporter; just as too many think any one can give the first lessons in music, or any other branch of an education. The writers for these departments should catch the salient points, photograph the living scene, and set them on fire with their genius and piety. Here tame writings is dreadful. Too much we meet with impresses one that there was a special effort to press the life out of it, if it ever had any, and then forward it as food for the Church. A Christian journal should possess wit, sarcasm, irony, and all kindred good things.

"A little wit, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

The Bible is not without it. No book that lacks it, will live—or ought to. It should play over human productions as chain-lightning plays over the clouds. What if some one, now and then, is killed by the lightning or the wit? Some more by their death than by their life. Like the old man's case, whose wife had died, they can have an "interesting funeral."

Christian Journalism should have a still higher motive. Too often the money idea overshadows everything else. Of course there must be money, and economy in its use, as a Christian duty. But while a good margin is made, financially, by publishing what can be obtained for nothing, we are losing our hold on first-class minds and hearts, and pay too dear for the whistle. I know a good showing on the ledger is eye-salve to some persons; but how about the ledger of minds and of hearts? And how about the great account above? We must put more money into our religion, into the heads of the people. What splendid sums for churches!—what small amounts often to help to qualify persons to fill the pulpits! To make money is only of a very secondary importance in Christian Journalism. No Christian paper should yield any profit in money. If the circulation runs up to a hundred thousand, put every dollar into the paper, and run it up to two hundred thousand. The idea of supporting superannuated by our papers is an unmitigated humbug, that ought to be abated. What would you think of an army of men marching to battle, each one with a coffin on his back. Let the men and women who have been converted to God through the labors of these noble men, support them. God has blessed them so since their conversion, that they can afford to do it.

A Christian journal should be radical and progressive, in the most earnest sense of those words—full of point, pith, snap and fire. It should reveal amidst all the living questions of the day and of the world. There is no question in science, art, literature, etc., that it ought to avoid; but labor to convince the world that all real science, art, literature, with all other real truths in the universe of God, are facts of a stupendous whole—the whole of God's eternal truth, necessary to the highest and best development of man, the noblest work of the Great Creator. This work does not want men or women who have only eyes in the back of their heads, and are always looking backward; but men and women of the living present and glorious future. It requires persons of one work—all their work, as conductors of papers, not bestowing their best work on something else.

When a person is employed for so important a work as a conductor of a Christian journal, it should absorb all his attention and interests. As a rule, he should not preach, dedicate churches, lecture on temperance, and so on; but work, work, day and night, with all his might on his journal. In one point of view, at least, it is more important than preaching with the tongue; he has the larger audience; it is preached in the best sense. I have no doubt if Paul were now alive he would be editing the *Christian Advocate*, because it is at New York city, which has the

best facilities, with Dr. Whedon, Dr. Curry, and others for assistants, with a capital of half a million—or better still, a million. E. A. HELMERSHAUSEN.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE YOUNG CONVERTS.

BY REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

In the Methodist economy there is no small anxiety by the pastor how to care for the young converts. It is supposable that at sometime during the year there will be made an extra effort to win hearts to Christ, and this as a general thing, results in the awakening and conversion of souls.

In answer to the question, then, we say they must be put under a regular system of religious drill—drilled into the marching tread of the army of the Lord. They must shoulder responsibilities, be put in the ranks, and learn to handle the instruments of our holy warfare. They are raw recruits, and need to be taken out alone occasionally, and receive direct instruction. Many of them are from the ranks of sin, full grown, and have long trained with the legions of night. They will expect something to do. They will not be content to settle down and sing all day long, "I'm glad salvation's free." If it is free to enjoy, it is free to use.

They must be given work. The pastor is the general, directing the energies of the spiritual ranks. The main body of the Church is sickly because of inaction. The more the arm of strength is used, the stronger it will be; the more thoroughly the young converts are imbued with the spirit of holy zeal, the more efficient will they become. They are not insensible to the fact of their worth. The church made vigorous efforts to win them to the cause of Christ, and the zeal of the older Christians is fresh in their memories. The strong crying and tears at their spiritual birth have not been forgotten.

But what shall we do? is asked by the church. We have our class and prayer meetings, our love feasts and the usual means of grace; how better can we arrange for them than we have, during the long past? We answer, our danger lies just by the side of our strength. We have many valuable appliances, but if we rest in these we soon fall into forms and ceremonies without the vital power. How many of our prayer meetings would capture a soul for Christ? Are they not far too ceremonial, too much alike as to order of exercises? One dear brother prays over his grievances till they become chronic, and the tinge of sadness touches all hearts. The young convert is there, and says in heart, "well! I too will soon be like them; I am coming to it; but O, I wish the church was steadily in a holy flame of sacred love."

Now from these formalities we must depart. One hymn, four stanzas long, a verse from scripture, a prayer by the leader, and then the meeting declared opened, is not always best. Our German brethren sometimes sing for an hour, hymn after hymn, in rapid succession; then engage in prayer full of vigorous life. Scripture is always good; it ought to be read or repeated in all religious gatherings; but to simply read a chapter, it may be disjointed and in many different paragraphs, is not always wise. Better take a paragraph or a theme for meditation.

Use the new order of the Praying Bands. They know the power of prayer, and they use it with good effect. Have a regular evening in the church, if possible, for them, and then have outposts; let there be a leader selected from the young converts, and an assistant leader, who may be an old member; a secretary to record the time, place, number in attendance, and any good evidences that may be developed. These three officers may be an executive committee to determine the time and places of meetings. Praying bands are doing much good now in the East, and they are equally needed in the West.

Again, recognize the young converts. When you meet them, be sure to let them know that you are mindful of them. This is not to apply to pastor alone, but to the members of the church also. Their old chums in sin have not entirely forsaken them, and by secret intrigues will use many efforts to get them back into their old ways. Thus the young converts feel a great loss of personal attention. They may be fully aware that the church is the true way, but the rounds of sin are yet a source of temptation. The social element in our church is not fully developed. We have many interesting meetings, but we often look with doubt at a gathering of the young people. The remark is, "they will put up so;" "there is too much levity;" "it drives away religious impressions." To this we answer, we have more faith in our holy Christianity than that. When the church parlors can be thronged with buoyant life; when the church rides upon the waves of joy, and the song full of Christian cheer blends the expressions of happiness as the murmur of conversation runs around, then will our churches be more attractive than the gilded saloons and the dance houses of death and sin.

LETTER FROM ST. JOHN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 12, 1873.

A minister writing on railways for a religious journal may seem strange; but the relation of the railways of the nation to civilization and to Christianity must be evident to every intelligent person. If blessings were pronounced on the man who invented sleep, how much more should blessings be showered on the one who invented railroads, and thereby aroused the sleepy ages. It is proposed in this letter to consider the relation of the European and

North American Railway to the interests of Maine and New Brunswick in particular, to the maritime Provinces generally, and the rest of mankind.

From Bangor it runs up the Penobscot fifty-eight miles, to Mattawamkeag, as the objective point. Leaving the Eastern and North American near this place, a road will be built into the Aroostook proper to Presque Isle, and on to Carleton, sixty miles above Houlton. The reasons for this Aroostook road to a Bangor eye are obvious. This northern county of Eastern Maine is five times as large as Rhode Island, and two thirds the area of New Hampshire. The ideas which many entertain of Maine in general, and Aroostook in particular, are very amusing to one familiar with the State. When we aver that there are whole townships of level land in Aroostook, perfectly free from rocks, every inch of which, when cleared, can be ploughed, and that it is equal to any land in the United States, many eyes will be opened with astonishment. Persons who have stepped into the county only as far north as Houlton, though they may have seen many good things, and a village of six churches, have not seen the garden of Aroostook. I know whereof I testify, having made thirteen trips through the county with horse and buggy and horse and sleigh, one of these extending up the St. John to Grand Falls. You will have then 150 miles of railroad running through a country that only needs to be tickled with the hoe to make it laugh with a harvest. If Bangor once secures the trade of this region it can never be lost, for the simple reason that there never can be a successful competitor. Now mark that the European and North American Railroad affords sixty miles of this line from Bangor into the Aroostook; and the other fact, that this line must ever remain a road from a fertile and immense territory into Bangor, and not simply through the city.

Again, the route now is from St. John to Mattawamkeag, and thence through Bangor to the Kennebec, and on to Danville Junction, where you connect with the Grand Trunk for Canada and the Northwestern States. With a road starting from Mattawamkeag and running to the foot of Moosehead Lake, thence to Lake Umbagog, thence to Richmond in Canada (or some other point, if you please), you have a direct line from St. John to Canada and the northwest of our own country; and passengers from Europe and the Provinces, going to Canada, Chicago, etc., would save immensely in distance and expense. This is not all. Passengers and freight from the West or Canada for many parts of Maine and for New Brunswick, would leave the Grand Trunk at Richmond, Canada, and come across to Moosehead Lake, and down the Kennebec valley, or to Dover and the Penobscot valley, or through the Provinces. There are now steamboats on the lake, which is forty miles long; and in coming time there may be a railroad from the head of the lake into northern Maine. The road from Mattawamkeag to the foot of the lake, will pass through the centres of Penobscot, Piscataquis and Franklin counties, opening them for settlement, and for business generally. Maine, certainly, ought to favor this road.

But will not Bangor oppose it? There is no reason why they should. The idea of compelling the European and Provincial travel to pass through Bangor, is like the attempt to force water uphill. What special benefit to Bangor will European travel pass through it? Let them help build the Aroostook Railroad, and thereby promote their own real interests.

It is one hundred and twenty miles from Bangor to McAdam Junction, which is six miles east of the State line. From this junction to Calais is about thirty miles—to St. Andrews, over forty miles; thence to Eastport, some fifteen miles by steamboat. From McAdam to Fredericton Junction is forty miles; thence to Fredericton City, thirty-two miles. Or you can go through St. John, and take the steamers seventy miles to Fredericton, where you will take other steamers for Woodstock, twelve miles from Houlton, and continue your pleasant journey to Grand Falls, on the upper St. John. Or, go from Fredericton Junction to Fredericton, down the river in boat to St. John, thence to Eastport by steamer; and so on to Portland and Boston, if you like the water. Eastport and Lubec have beautiful scenery.

If you desire it, and I can get the facts, I may write you a brief letter on the European and North American Railway, east of the city of St. John, and its connection with the business of the maritime Provinces. Whatever faults of man may be involved in railroading, there can be no doubt that God is in these great lines of international communication, which are closer ties among the nations.

E. A. HELMERSHAUSEN.

Our Social Meeting.

"R. H. H." thus speaks on READING SERMONS.

The editorial utterances of the HERALD recently, upon this subject, I think were, in the main, sound; and yet I would have the ground taken a little broader. Without a doubt, the true, the ideal method of public speaking is that which is termed the extemporaneous. Yet when this method of preaching is urged, should it not always be with the distinct understanding that this is by no means the only effective, or allowable method of pulpit address? Let our preachers be admonished that their usual, customary, every-day style of preaching be the extemporaneous; but why not admit, at the same time, that there may—nay, that there will, in all probability, be times when in order to

do justice to the theme or to the occasion, the discourse will have to be read. Extemporizing is a wide variety of themes, eminently fit to be treated upon in the pulpit, which yet must be rigidly eschewed, neglected, except it be understood that the preacher is at liberty, upon occasion, to write and read his discourses. The editor admits that he has heard sermons read which searched him through and through. Now, then, would he have been willing to forego the pleasure and profit of listening to those sermons rather than to have had them read? That's the point.

Why be so unwilling to admit, as many seem to, that there are various ways of preparing and delivering sermons? A man may write and read; he may write and memorize the whole, or in part; he may write part, and extemporize part—a very good way sometimes. A man may memorize his sermons mentally, altogether or in part; or he may master his matter, and leave the language to be supplied upon the spur of the moment. He may at different times, just according to the circumstances, according to the nature of the theme or the occasion, adopt either of these various methods of preparation and delivery. Let this main point be the sure to have something to say, and then to say it in the most effective, impressive and telling manner possible. A really earnest man will usually speak effectively any way. As a rule, however, I cordially endorse all you say as to the importance of speaking to the people without the intervention of paper.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

The question of Jesus to Peter, "lovest thou me?" is addressed to us. What response to this heart-searching question? What is your judgment of yourself? Conscious of an inward prompting to do His will, an earnest desire to obey and please Him in all things, do you manifest in the privileges of serving Him, and manifesting it in your daily life, can you say, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee? Then may you go on your way rejoicing, from strength to strength in holiness. Keep yourself in the love of God, looking for His mercy unto eternal life. Does conscience reproach? Does your heart condemn? Have you been disobedient, and feel depressed with a sense of it? Fly to the cross of Christ; seek in earnest prayer forgiveness and renewal of His love. Defer not an hour this important matter.

The practical exhibition of love to the Saviour is the way of life. How often is Christ wounded in the house of His friends. How frequently are professions of love belied—professed followers found in circumstances inconsistent with their profession. Do you engage in any business on which you cannot ask His blessing? Are you found at the card-table, or do you mingle in the giddy dance, attend the theatre, and enjoy the vain pleasures of those who trifle with the sacredness of religion? How will you regard this, when "death's decisive hour is near?" You are strengthening the impenitent in their neglect of religion. In the light of the Judgment, weigh well this matter. Do you seriously require you to do more—to love the unthankful, to love your enemy, to forgive from your heart, if ye have aught against any. Christian morality far exceeds the conventional morality of the world. We are to maintain good works, be zealous of them, and keep unspotted from the world. 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The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.

All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. — Num. xiv. 21.

From Rev. Mr. Vernon's letter about Italy, published in part last week, we take the following:—

"Modena is a pleasant city of forty thousand inhabitants, twenty miles north of Bologna. On Sunday, June 15, we opened there a very snug little church, with an attendance of about sixty, among whom was a considerable number of students from the University. Our helper there is Signor A. Guigou, for several years past a teacher, officiating occasionally as lay preacher. Aged about thirty-eight, he adds to a manly presence a good understanding and a clear, forcible utterance. Liberally educated and familiar with the Scriptures, he combines a devout spirit and conversation with agreeable manners. Sternly upright and spiritually trustworthy, he is a valuable acquisition."

"Rimini is another interesting field from which Signor Charbonnier, a veteran evangelist, secured more than three months ago for Rimini, has been hitherto providentially detained, but hopes soon to be on the field. His spiritual ardor and zeal many years ago, procured him a fame and characterization in the Church of his fathers much like those of the Wesleys at Oxford. After laboring many years among Italians in Marseilles with the Reformed Church of France, he now finds congenial relations in our mission. Some of his credentials bear the honored name of Monod. Rimini, a thrifty city of twenty-five thousand souls, with several adjacent towns of nearly equal size, will give him access to an extensive community. Signor Dalmas has been in this region for two months as a colporteur, and is doing excellent service."

INDIA.—Rev. J. D. Brown writes from Shahjehanpore: "I hope you will succeed in sending us a strong reinforcement next fall. The work grows on our hands, and our present force is too weak for the absolute demands upon us. We can only work up to the measure of our strength, and then our hearts are often sad when we have to leave so much undone which ought to be done."

THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY has originated an important enterprise in Bulgaria, which promises much to that mission. It employs a converted native woman, who goes from house to house as a Bible reader and Christian teacher among her own sex, and her labors have already been attended with good results.

AFRICA.—SLAVERY ABOLISHED.—The Sultan of Zanzibar, on the 5th of June, signed a treaty with Sir Bartle Frere, as representative of the British Government, abolishing the slave trade in the dominions, and effectually closing the door to that infamous traffic on the East Coast of Africa. The results effected through Sir Bartle Frere, should call out redoubled missionary effort in that region.

MADAGASCAR.—The work still continues to advance in Madagascar, and is truly marvelous. Rev. Dr. Mullens, and Rev. J. Pillans, have been appointed by the London Missionary Society to visit the missionaries and native churches of Madagascar, and confer with them on many important questions suggested by the great progress of Christianity in that island. The report of the visit of these distinguished ministers will be looked for with interest.

BISHOP FOSTER IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.—Bishop Foster has visited our missions in Norway and Sweden, and has seen the wonderful work of God there. The Bishop writes:—

"By the blessing of God, I this day close up my visit to these Northern countries, and start for the Conference of Germany and Switzerland. My visit has been one of great labor but exceeding interest. I cannot undertake to write a full or even meagre account of the many things I will have to communicate when I return, but I cannot refrain from saying a few things. The work of God in Sweden and Norway is wonderful; it is difficult to credit my eyes and ears, so great are my surprise and joy. Truly the morning has come. Such crowds of worshippers, such eager listeners, such fervor and zeal, I have not witnessed for many years. God is manifestly at work among the people. I have been constrained time and again to praise him for the wonders I behold. The work is also evidently improving in Denmark. The new superintendent is working earnestly, and by the testimony of all successfully."

A more extended notice of this wonderful work of grace will be given our readers soon.

THE BOSTON "GLOBE" ON THE CENTENARY QUESTION.

The Boston Globe has been before the public but a little over a year. In that time it has placed itself fairly among its oldest and best competitors of the city. We know not the extent of its daily issues, but we doubt if any of its predecessors gained such a position as has the Globe in so brief a period, although it may have lost the health, if not the energy of life, of its chief editor. And we are glad to believe it is still advancing. The following well-written article on Methodism is indicative of a good intellect as well as a good heart.

GROWTH OF METHODISM IN AMERICA.

Considering what Methodism has come to be in one century, we are not surprised at the denominational self-glorification. A hundred years is a short period in the life of a great re-

ligious movement. A centennial is like the first baby's birthday—the beginning of reckonings. When the youngest of religious denominations finds in its first hundred years that it outstrips all its fellows, with the odds against it, rejoicing and even exultation is natural. It will be strange indeed if Methodists do not yet find another hundredth anniversary to celebrate.

Numerical increase is not the only or chief criterion of the success of a religious movement; but it is one element, and first in the order of time. In religious work, as in everything else, the hare must be caught before cooking.

In this light we may see what an opportunity the Methodist Church has made for its second century. With more communicants than any other religious body in America, its influence upon the religious life and intellectual progress of the nation is simply incalculable. But the true glory of American Methodism lies not in its two millions of adherents, so much as in what it has done for them. Early Methodism, with its zealous preachers, its vehement oratory, its pathetic melodies, its unconfined services, its democratic social meetings, boldly laid hold upon the working masses of the country. It hesitated not to go to those who were at the bottom of society as regards wealth, culture and morals. It is here that the early converts were largely from the poor and the illiterate, and not rarely from the wicked. Out of this material Methodism has made intelligent Christian citizens. Let the magnificent educational enterprises of the denomination and the general culture of its members bear witness to the zeal and success with which Methodism has lifted up crude masses of people. It is bad taste that tries to hide the illiteracy and poverty of the first generation of Methodists. There are no such laurels as the glory of having so successfully labored to benefit the lowly and so elevating them by her labors.

There is little likelihood that any other body will practice the open avowals by which this denomination won its commanding position. A ministry that was sent, and not called—that had no abiding place—that literally left houses and homes and lands—that in most cases sacrificed even the ties of family, was a ministry to conquer the world with ambitions they could hardly have; there was nothing to choose. The successful propagandist has always been noted for singleness of purpose, and this was the prominent characteristic of the itinerants whom Asbury annually re-distributed throughout the country. The oratory of such men had the highest elements of effectiveness—intense earnestness and perfect sincerity. Their disinterested lives commended them to every man's conscience; their isolation and separation from local entanglements gave them authority. Their chivalrous devotion to their work was contagious. They were the knights-errants of our modern days, seeking, like those who sat at Arthur's table round, to bring in the "rude beginnings of a better time." Doing battle against every sort of moral wrong, living in poverty and celibacy, and carrying with them everywhere a noble religious palanquin, they were the knights-errants, the mendicant friars, and the missionaries of Protestantism.

It is vain to regret that the Methodism of to-day is different. It could not but be different. A mature man cannot have the elasticity of youth. The Methodist Church of to-day has set before her a task very different from that which was laid upon the little Conference in Philadelphia in 1773. They had only to throw themselves upon the enemy at every point. There were no complications. They had no baggage-train to protect, no communications to keep open. The Methodist Church is now in position. She must guard, as well as attack; she must be patient. To every religious movement there comes the blade, the stalk, the ear. The development of each period is different from that of all others.

It is not for the Methodist Church of the future to attempt to do over again the work of the past, but to build wisely upon the foundations already laid. Such a past ought to be an inspiration. To have furnished the world the most fearless, self-denying and devoted ministry of modern times—to have produced the most compact organization of Protestantism—to have developed the finest congregational singing in the world—to have won the poor, the unlearned and the wicked to the gospel—to have set the noblest example of fervor and freedom in worship—and of zeal and self-denial in life, and to have grown to be the largest American Protestant body, is enough to make one century glorious. But if one higher and more difficult task set before the Methodist Church of our day shall be performed in the same spirit, and with like success, the second century of Methodism in America may outshine the first.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Twenty-two Chinese females, by steamer from Hong Kong, were sold at public auction, July 29, in the girls' quarters at San Francisco. Young girls brought as high as \$150 each, and middle-aged and old women from \$300 to \$100 each!!

The Papal Nuncio is endeavoring to obtain from the Shah of Persia concessions in favor of the Catholics in Persia, and he is assisted by the Duc de Broglie.

The Independent says that "to tell men that there is a chance for them in the next world is a heresy, no doubt; but it is a heresy of a much less injurious description than to tell them that there is no chance for them in this world."

Garrett Biblical Institute prospers, notwithstanding the Chicago fire. Its financial condition is excellent, and as many students as ever are in attendance.

Mr. Abbott is in New England, begging funds to keep alive the Index. He wants to move it to Boston or New York.

The Wesleyan Church in England raised last year for missions \$700,000. One of the secretaries, being asked how they were able to raise so much, answered, "by the grace of God and the penny a week."

Dr. Pressense proposes to found a school of religious science in Paris, which he regards as one of the advanced posts of the grand conflict of Christianity against Infidelity.

Father Hyacinthe has a helper at Geneva in the person of the Abbe Hurtaut, Canon of Tours, who published a letter, stating that he is convinced the Roman Catholicism is as disastrous to society as to the individual conscience,

TEMPERANCE.

CIVIL DAMAGE LAWS.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., July 28, 1873.

In your issue of July 17, I find an article on "The Civil Damage Law," which I read with sadness, believing it will have a tendency to retard the progress of the Temperance cause. During the last 45 years campaign, the enemy has been vigilant, and occasionally gained an apparent temporary victory; but in the greatest trials and darkest hours I have never been discouraged, believing that God was on our side and we would ultimately triumph.

Forty-five years since, a prohibitory law was even not thought of; but now it has become one of the laws of our State, and in country towns will probably be enforced with but little difficulty. In cities every obstacle that wealth can procure will be arrayed against its enforcement. Like slavery, its death struggle will be terrible, but I believe no less certain.

A class of rumsellers will spread temptation before the poor laboring men who, with uncontrolled appetites, will squander their hard earnings, though they and the sellers know their families are suffering, and with empty purses will go to their desolate homes to inflict drunken abuse and impose a heavier burden.

Now, ought not the rumsellers who cause so much misery, to be requested to pay in part for the damages they have done to those poor families? The Civil Damage Law says, Yes; your correspondent says, No, and makes statement that I believe are incorrect. He states, 1. "The Civil Damage Law never has helped the temperance cause, and it never will materially;" but brings no proof to sustain this positive assertion. I believe it is without foundation.

2. "The foes of temperance support the Civil Damage Law because they know it cannot advance the temperance cause." In the former item the writer stated in substance that he knew the Civil Damage Law had not, and never would accomplish any good. Here he states with equal positiveness what the foes of temperance know of its effect. How could he gain such extensive information? Do the foes of temperance sustain the Civil Damage Law? I think not; but if so, how can he understand their motive for so doing? I believe the law is intimately connected with the prohibition law, and in no sense is operating against it; and I predict that in the coming struggle in Massachusetts for and against the enactment of a Civil Damage Law, he will find his co-laborers to be the enemies instead of the friends of prohibition.

3. "The Civil Damage Law, attached to a license law, as in the State of Illinois, is simply infamous." There is certainly great inconsistency in such legislation; but where such laws exist, if a class of men are so anxious to pay for licenses with the penalty of the Civil Damage Law hanging over their heads, ought they to complain if punished for the bad effects of their legitimate business. Civil Damage and License laws are both laws of this State and New York, and I have reason to believe that some who have paid for a license regret having the fear of the Civil Damage Law before their eyes.

4. "The Law is righteous whenever it is enacted in a State that has no license law, as in Ohio," and adds, "It has not advanced the temperance cause in Ohio at all; it never will." Here is statement and prophecy equally positive. It is possible that the writer may not have become fully acquainted with the workings of the law in all parts of the great State of Ohio; if so, it is certain that he is not able to see its effects in the distant future sufficiently to enable him to know that the law never will advance the cause of temperance.

He goes on to give some very sad reasons why the law is wrong. 1. "Few relatives would risk a public exposure of their family disgrace by bringing an action against a rum-seller." During the last nineteen years I have been in positions in Boston and Chelsea, enabling me to become acquainted with many families ruined by the intemperance of one or more of its members. I am confident the worthy wife and mother, looking upon her hungry, ragged children, would, in many instances, have no fears of being disgraced by bringing an action against the man who had robbed the husband and father of that which belonged to them, and for which they were suffering.

Again, he states that "The courts finding a bill would make the fine nominal." Does not the writer know that jurors and some judges have been so controlled by the rum power, that many guilty of breaking the prohibitory law have been acquitted, and to those who have been adjudged guilty, the fine has been nominal? Shall the prohibitory law be repealed if officials are corrupt? Will corruption long be tolerated in Massachusetts?

Before closing, the following indicates that after all, the writer is quite hopeful: "When time-serving politicians and unthinking temperance men have had their run after this popular delusion, they will come back to the original prohibitory law." This is rather severe from the pen of a temperance man, and to be published in our esteemed Zion's Herald. The writer will probably find after closer investigation, that time-serving politicians, all rum sellers and the enemies of temperance generally, will unite with him in opposition to the Civil Damage Law, while its advocates will include many men of powerful intellects who do not run after popular delusions, but are the firmest and most influential advocates of prohibition. LUMAN BORDEN.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Aug. 11, 1873.

GOLD.—\$135.00 @ 135.50.
SILVER.—\$1.00 @ 1.05.
WHEAT.—Superior, 4.50 @ 5.00; extra, 5.00 @ 5.50; Michigan, 4.75 @ 5.00; St. Louis, 4.50 @ 5.00; Southern, 4.25 @ 4.50.
CORN.—Western Mixed, 60 @ 65 cents; Western Yellow, 65 @ 68; bushel.
OATS.—22 @ 25; bushel.
RICE.—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per bushel.
SHRUBS.—\$1.00 @ 2.00 per ton.
FINE FEED.—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per ton.
SERR.—Timothy Hay, 4.50 @ 5.00; Red Top, 4.25 @ 4.50 per sack; R. I. Seed, 4.25 @ 4.75; bushel; Clover, 10 @ 15; per lb.
APPLES.—\$3.00 @ 6.00 per bushel.
POKE.—\$10.00 @ 20.00; Lard, 9 @ 9.50; Hams, 12 @ 15.
BUTTER.—20 @ 25.
CHEESE.—Factory, 12 @ 15; Dairy, 10 @ 12.
EGGS.—40 @ 50 per doz.
HAY.—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per ton.
POTATOES.—\$4.50 @ 5.00 per bushel.
BEANS.—Extra, Pea, \$3.00 @ \$3.50; medium, 0.00 @ 2.00 per bushel.
CARROTS.—20 @ 25; 15 @ 20 box.
ORANGES.—\$1.00 @ 1.50 per box.
POULTRY.—20 @ 25 cents per lb.
TURKIES.—50 @ 75; dozen bunches.
DRIED APPLES.—5 @ 8 cents per lb.
CABBAGES.—50 @ 75; bunch.
CUCUMBERS.—25 @ 30; each.
CARRIAGES.—20 @ 25; 15 @ 20 head.
ONIONS.—\$7.50 @ 8.00 per bushel.
BLUEBERRIES.—10 @ 15; per qt.
TOMATOES.—Southern, 1.00 @ 1.50 per crate; Na., 8 @ 10; 4 @ 5; 10 @ 15; 15 @ 20; 20 @ 25; 25 @ 30; 30 @ 35; 35 @ 40; 40 @ 45; 45 @ 50; 50 @ 55; 55 @ 60; 60 @ 65; 65 @ 70; 70 @ 75; 75 @ 80; 80 @ 85; 85 @ 90; 90 @ 95; 95 @ 1.00; 1.00 @ 1.05; 1.05 @ 1.10; 1.10 @ 1.15; 1.15 @ 1.20; 1.20 @ 1.25; 1.25 @ 1.30; 1.30 @ 1.35; 1.35 @ 1.40; 1.40 @ 1.45; 1.45 @ 1.50; 1.50 @ 1.55; 1.55 @ 1.60; 1.60 @ 1.65; 1.65 @ 1.70; 1.70 @ 1.75; 1.75 @ 1.80; 1.80 @ 1.85; 1.85 @ 1.90; 1.90 @ 1.95; 1.95 @ 2.00; 2.00 @ 2.05; 2.05 @ 2.10; 2.10 @ 2.15; 2.15 @ 2.20; 2.20 @ 2.25; 2.25 @ 2.30; 2.30 @ 2.35; 2.35 @ 2.40; 2.40 @ 2.45; 2.45 @ 2.50; 2.50 @ 2.55; 2.55 @ 2.60; 2.60 @ 2.65; 2.65 @ 2.70; 2.70 @ 2.75; 2.75 @ 2.80; 2.80 @ 2.85; 2.85 @ 2.90; 2.90 @ 2.95; 2.95 @ 3.00; 3.00 @ 3.05; 3.05 @ 3.10; 3.10 @ 3.15; 3.15 @ 3.20; 3.20 @ 3.25; 3.25 @ 3.30; 3.30 @ 3.35; 3.35 @ 3.40; 3.40 @ 3.45; 3.45 @ 3.50; 3.50 @ 3.55; 3.55 @ 3.60; 3.60 @ 3.65; 3.65 @ 3.70; 3.70 @ 3.75; 3.75 @ 3.80; 3.80 @ 3.85; 3.85 @ 3.90; 3.90 @ 3.95; 3.95 @ 4.00; 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HERALD CALENDAR.

Yarmouth Camp-meeting (eight days),	Aug. 12
Marblehead Camp-meeting (eight days),	Aug. 13
Marblehead District Camp-meeting, at	Aug. 13-15
Con. River Grove, Northampton,	Aug. 13
East Mecklenburg Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13
Fredericburg Camp-meeting, Portland Dis-	Aug. 13-15
trict,	Aug. 13-15
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-15
Lebanon Camp-meeting,	Aug. 13-15
Hodgdon Camp-meeting, Epping, N. H.,	Aug. 13-15
East Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 13-15	Aug. 13-15
South Framingham Camp-meeting, Aug. 13-15	Aug. 13-15
West Framingham Camp-meeting, Aug. 13-15	Aug. 13-15
Marblehead District Camp-meeting, Aug. 13-15	Aug. 13-15
Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 13-15	Aug. 13-15
Old Orchard Camp-meeting, Portland	Aug. 13-15
District,	Aug. 13-15
Charleston Camp-meeting, Sept. 1	Sept. 1
Claremont Junction Union Camp-	Sept. 1-6
meeting, Sept. 1	Sept. 1
Acworth Camp-meeting, Sept. 8	Sept. 8
Hodgdon Camp-meeting, Sept. 8	Sept. 8
Rockland District Camp-meeting, Sept. 8	Sept. 8
Seaboard Camp-meeting, Wilmot, N. H.,	Sept. 8
Sept. 8	Sept. 8
Rockport Camp-meeting, Sept. 10	Sept. 10
School of Theology opens, Oct. 1	Oct. 1
School of Law opens, Oct. 1	Oct. 1
School of Medicine opens, Oct. 1	Oct. 1
School of Divinity opens, Oct. 1	Oct. 1
College of Liberal Arts opens, Oct. 1	Oct. 1
College of Music opens, Sept. 15	Sept. 15

ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1873.

HOLINESS OF LIFE.

In the admirable portrait of character drawn by Dr. W. R. Clark at the memorial service of Rev. George P. Wilson, it was remarked, that while the beloved minister whose departure they mourned had but rare and very modest allusions to his Christian attainments, the speaker had never enjoyed the familiar society of one who had so constantly and powerfully impressed him with the holiness of his life. This beauty of saintliness was exhibited in his extraordinary self-control and restraint, in his genial spiritual temper, in his charitable sentiments and judgments of the acts and characters of all persons with whom he had any relations, and in his daily, unabated love and zeal for every form of service in the Master's vineyard. It may indeed be remembered of him as it was by the disciples of our Lord, that the words of the Psalmist were fulfilled in his life—"the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." It was not the work of one year, nor of five; it was not labor in a field that had been previously prepared, responding readily to the toil bestowed upon it, agreeable in its outward character; but it was the unwearied service of a score of years—all the purest missionary work; largely accomplished out of human sight, in narrow city streets, among the most ignorant and vicious portion of the community. It was however always cheerfully and lovingly rendered. A smile fell upon every face that met him. No wonder he won the children so that they ran after him to touch his hand and to hear his kindly voice. No wonder the poor dwellers in tenement houses of the city where he was the missionary for the longest period, crowded to his funeral and lined the streets to look tearfully upon the bier that bore his well-remembered form to the tomb.

He lived by the Gospel he preached in his later years; but every one that knew him was impressed with the subordinate relation which his salary held to his work. No one heard of the former; no one approaching him failed to hear of the latter. It certainly was more than his meat and drink to do his Master's will. He had no pet services; he ran to no specialties; whatever his hand found to do for God and man, he did with all his might. He was ready for a temperance meeting, to consider the necessities of the prisoner, to pray for the Magdalene, to collect money for the poor, to circulate tracts, to gather a Sunday school, to teach little children, to converse personally with any individual into whose society he was providentially thrown, upon the subject of his highest interests, or to preach the Gospel to the gathered congregation. This public symmetry of character followed him into private life and within his own home. It became the nurturing sunshine and heavenly atmosphere in which his children grew up, and rendered his house a welcome resting place for the occasional guest.

Holiness of heart always precedes holiness of life; it is the perennial spring out of which it flows. The latter is the open and unquestioned evidence of the former. It is as necessarily and closely related to it as the stream that flows from a perpetual fountain. There is, however, a form of contemplative and emotional piety that seems to exhaust its force in its own experiences. It dwells like the three disciples upon the Mount in the beatific vision of the Saviour's face, and cries out, "let us build here three tabernacles;" but it lacks the faith and spiritual power to cast the devils out of the possessed souls that dwell in the valley beneath the Mount of Transfiguration. This meditative form of piety is proper in its place; but if the whole Christian family were Marys, the Master's table would never be spread. "Now Jesus loved Martha," and well he might; He loves the Marthas now. It is a rare and beautiful combination, when, as in the instance of the lamented Wilson, the commendable traits of Mary and Martha are happily united in one. Meditative piety presents not a fully rounded holiness, but only one hemisphere of it. The other side, which reflects the light caught from the face of the Lord upon the world around, is equally important.

Indeed, the call of the hour is for holiness of life as verily as for holiness of heart. Why is it so difficult to supply the place of Brother Wilson? We have eloquent men, educated men; but why do we extend our eyes over their heads

for another style of man? What do we need in this field—in every field, this absolute consecration of the life to one work. Where are the hundreds and thousands, ministers and laymen, thronging the inspiring services of the National Campmeetings, and hanging around these heights of vision, transfigured by the ecstatic views vouchsafed to them on these occasions, and solemnly singing and giving themselves away, soul, body, and substance to the Lord Jesus, who bought them with His precious blood? Where are they? Why are they not pushing out into the great white field, as Wilson did in Lawrence, when he was simply the "penny post," without fee or reward, seeking out the impenitent, the poor wanderer, the little child and the neglected prisoner? Why, like Zacchaeus, are they not standing up with streaming eyes before Jesus, and saying, "the one-half of my goods to the poor?"

Now, no eloquent apology for the Gospel, no *Eccle Homo*, or *Credo* will impress the doubt of the day as one such actual exhibition of a heart and life absolutely conquered by Christ. We sincerely hope the grove meetings of this season will send forth such consecrated lives as these; something more than beatific experiences. These we trust will not be wanting. But delay not, dear friends in these secluded retreats, and upon these Pisgah summits. Here around us are those who are "possessed of the devil and sore vexed." Christ came to destroy the works of the devil. The test of our own love for Him is our consecration to this work which He accomplishes through us. "This kind goeth not out, save by prayer and fasting;" but "through Christ strengthening us we can do all things." Shall we not hear earnest voices constantly offering willing services, and saying, "here, Lord, am I; send me."

WORKING FOR SOULS.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. "Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." These are the words of God, addressed especially to every one who has received the grace of life. They ought to be heeded up in the chambers of the soul and gazed upon again and again, until they shall inspire to the performance of the most constant and self-sacrificing labors for the good of others.

It is altogether probable that there are those, perhaps many, calling themselves by the name of Christ, and hoping somehow to get to heaven, who never work for souls. These passages already quoted have no interest for them. The whole world might drift past them to hell, and yet they are unmoved; they are as selfish as the rich man who lifted up his eyes in torment, and whose whole thought was taken up with himself; "my tongue;" "I am tormented;" "my brethren"—just as though there were no other souls in all the universe.

We may not always think it, but yet it is difficult to find a place where we come nearer to Christ, or more rapidly become like Him, than working for the salvation of the unconverted. This was His mission when He left the throne of eternal power—when He abdicated the glory that He had with the Father before the world was; this was His employment during the days of His earthly ministry; and not until He bowed His head amid the darkness and agony of the cross, could He say that work was done. The wonder is that any one who professes to be His follower, can suppose himself to be really the friend of Jesus, who does not, in this important respect, emulate the example of his Lord and Master. Of course a thousand excuses may be offered as an apology for this neglect of the plainest duty; but they are worthless now, and will be worse than worthless when the final account of our earthly responsibilities shall be rendered to the final Judge of all men.

Suppose one has no tact for this work, nor special adaptation for it; no great natural gift or talent that gives access to the hearts of others; no courage; no perseverance; no faith; no zeal; no love for the task; no experience; no success in the few, faint attempts that may have been made—suppose all this, and more, to be true of one who professes to be a disciple of the Lord Jesus. Is he then to be excused? By no means, for God does not ask him to do the work of any other—simply for each to do his own. But it must be remembered that many of the enumerated and oft repeated excuses, are a real confession of the sinful neglect of gracious opportunities. If duty had been faithfully performed in the past, there would not now be this lack of faith and zeal, of love and power. These things grow with their use, and the fact that they are not strong and vigorous is a proof that thorough heart work is needed in order to a proper commencement of effort to save others.

The field of labor is ever near at hand. We need not go to distant India or China, though there are rich harvests waiting in these heathen lands for the coming reapers. The work of a great majority of the Church is very near home—too near to be romantic, and too real to have much of sentimentality about it. The field is in the shop, the store, on the street, at home, in the family. It is an easy thing to sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains,"

etc., and drop a quarter in the contribution box, and call that working for souls; but all that, and a great deal more, can be done without a particle of grace in the soul, or the first heart-throb of sympathy with Jesus. But to do the home work, to rescue the perishing about us, needs abundant grace in the heart. There must be an experience of religion that involves a separation from the world, its sins and its follies; there must be watching and fasting and prayer; there must be patience and zeal; there must be a humble, holy devotion, and self-forgetfulness that is all too uncommon in the Church of Christ.

Perhaps there is no more inviting opportunity to work for souls than that which the camp-meeting affords. It is very largely the purpose for which these meetings are held. They ought to be organized and conducted with the express understanding that the one great object to be accomplished is the salvation of the perishing. Everything ought to be made to conduce to this all important end, and every individual Christian ought to feel a special responsibility for the result of the united effort that may be put forth. This responsibility may be put forth. This responsibility may be put forth. This responsibility may be put forth.

Assuming, then, that for you no question is so well settled as that of your calling, the first and fundamental inquiry that presses upon you relates to preparation. And first ask: "What spiritual qualifications are essential to my highest success in this work of the ministry?" It would take much space to answer this question, even in the briefest manner. The best answer in the English language is found in Fletcher's Portrait of St. Paul. I wish we had a modern edition of it. Borrow a copy of your pastor or Presiding Elder, and read it. It is worth while libraries of ordinary ministerial biography; and that is saying much. Acquire the qualifications therein enumerated, and whatever else you may lack, your ministry cannot prove a failure.

2. "What educational preparation will best subserve my ministerial usefulness?" I reply, the most thorough to which Providence gives you possible access. Our honored Bishops, desiring that all young ministers of our Church should rightly understand the length and breadth of desirable intellectual attainment, have placed in your Conference Course of Study a treatise upon this subject. Its title is, "Sword and Garment." I hope each one of you will read it before taking any steps toward uniting with an Annual Conference. A large part of the preparation which it inculcates must be acquired before one enters the regular work.

3. "What facilities does the Church offer to candidates seeking an education for preparation for the ministry?"

Answer. Instruction, for the most part free to all, and pecuniary aid for the indigent. Her educational institutions are of three grades, to wit: the Conference Academy, the College, the School of Theology. The first will carry you forward three years beyond the common school; the second, four years beyond the academy; the third, three years beyond the college. In all you are allowed to preach; in all, if poor, you are variously assisted. The rule of all should be, to begin at the bottom and go as far as Providence may sanction.

If perchance there is any one among you who cannot resort to either of these institutions, there is one thing which he, more than any other, ought to do. He should take six postal cards and write for the circulars of two Conference Academies, two Methodist Colleges, and two of our Schools of Theology. A seventh card should be sent to Dr. E. O. Haven, of New York, for documents of the Board of Education. These seven documents, carefully studied, will give him not only an understanding of the educational system of the Church, but also an insight into the compass and organic relations of the different branches of a liberal, professional education, such as he will never be likely otherwise to obtain. For such an one no other investment of seven cents can do so much. The addresses of the neighboring academies and colleges will be known to all. The schools of Theology offering free instruction, free rooms, and almost free living, are in Boston, Evanston (Ill.), and Madison (N. J.).

4. "What warrant have I for postponing my entrance upon the regular work to attend school?" The warrant of Christ, who for three years instructed His disciples before sending them forth. The warrant of common sense, which has created the school as a time-saving arrangement for reaching desired results. The warrant of all those of your brethren who have done the same before you, and are glad that they did. The warrant of all those of your brethren who did not pursue this course, and regret that they did not. The warrant of the laity who are demanding a better trained ministry. The warrant of all the intelligent men whom the Church has selected and appointed to conduct these educational institutions which she has created. Finally, the warrant of the highest authority of the Church—the General Conference itself—which, not content that you should rush untrained into the ministry, desiderates for you the full advantage of the academy, the college and the theological school in succession. Its language is: "Let young men everywhere be advised to secure, first of all, a thorough ground-work of elementary and general education, after which to pursue theological studies in their proper order. By this policy, the number of students in our colleges will be greatly increased, and those who enter the biblical schools will be prepared to enter with profit upon the ad-

vanced studies peculiar to the ministerial profession." In conclusion, covet earnestly the best preparation for your arduous calling—the best spiritual preparation, the best intellectual preparation. Let no required self-sacrifice deter, no merely apparent obstacle appal. The greater your difficulties, the more salutary the result. You are in preparation for highest destinies. Fear nothing. The Lord will provide.

WILLIAM F. WARREN.
BOSTON, August, 1873.

We are pained, but not surprised to read the accounts of the late serious reactionary movements in Japan. Quite a formidable revolt has broken out, testing very severely the ability of the existing government to subdue it. The great pressure of taxation, incident to the perhaps too rapid introduction of foreign improvements, as well as the long standing prejudices of the ignorant classes against Christianity excited by the presence of professed Christians in conspicuous positions, as teachers or officers, have conspired, under the instigations of Damios who unwillingly yielded their feudal power, and priests of the ancient idolatry, to arouse the frantic efforts of the masses against the present administration. They at once seek to destroy the symbols of the opening civilization of the kingdom—the railroad and telegraph. They demand an entire revolution, the reinstatement of the old Damios, the banishment of Bibles, and the prohibition of Christian instruction. The devil always seeks to tear his subjects in pieces when he finds himself about to be dispossessed of them, and he rages all the more violently when his time is short. There will be suffering, perhaps martyrdom, and not a little shedding of blood; but Christ has entered Japan in the person of his subjects, to conquer it by heroic endurance and perseverance, and to establish there His kingdom of righteousness and intelligence. Martyr-blood has always, in the end, triumphed over those that shed it. There has been too much light pouring into these islands for the last ten years to permit another moral eclipse. There will be clouds and tempests, but the rainbow will certainly follow.

An intelligent correspondent writes to inquire if there is in this country such an association as he says exists in England, for the careful examination of juvenile volumes, prepared by various publishers, for the Sunday School Library, whose endorsement can be relied upon, as to wholesomeness of substance and correctness of style. No such organization, unfortunately, exists among us. It would require a multitude of very intelligent agents to keep abreast of our juvenile publications. Certain Unitarian ladies voluntarily entered a year or two since upon this service, in the interest of the "Liberal" denominations. Out of several hundred volumes examined, they sifted a few scores. No editor of a weekly religious paper can give more than cursory reviews of this rapidly increasing literature; and the whole average, as to substantial worth and intellectual ability, is so moderate, that it would be difficult to arrange a fair standard of criticism which would be just to both writer and reader.

We understood, a few months since, that the book agents at New York were about to employ a number of qualified readers to examine carefully the S. S. books not published by the Concern, and by this means, become able to endorse a large list of volumes additional to their own publications. If this work were well done, it would be a valuable service. There are conscientious Sunday School officers who are quite scrupulous about the character of the literature they place in the hands of their scholars for Sunday reading. There are others, we are sorry to say, who would consider the imprimatur of a religious society a sufficient objection to any volume that bore it, and a tacit evidence of its unendurable stupidity. They prefer to purchase of secular establishments the most rollicking juvenile books of the day, with not a few of the pure and simple novels of the hour, embodying the low moral tone of the times upon the most vital social and religious questions now discussed. The laxity of conscience everywhere apparent, and the present observable weakness of mental and moral fibre, showing itself in the instances of those from whom we have a right to expect better things, may be very directly traced to the character of the literature forming the staple of the reading of our young people. A descriptive catalogue, conscientiously prepared, of appropriate and really well-written books for young readers, would be a valuable service, and would be thankfully used by intelligent purchasers of juvenile literature.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.
Rev. George Hughes, the Secretary of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness, has prepared a volume of 450 pages duodecimo, which has been published by John Bent & Co., of Boston, entitled, *Days of Power in Forest Temples*. We do not like the title, but no Christian reader can avoid being interested in the book. It records, in the most animated manner, with all the enthusiasm of a spectator and of a hearty participant in them, the stirring incidents connected with the fourteen national camp-meetings which have been held during the last five years. It has an admirable engraving of that most excellent Christian and beloved physician, Dr. George C. Roberts, of whose triumphant death-bed experiences the book makes a full record; it also striking portraits of Rev. Bros. Inskip and Cookman. The volume might be easily criticized as a literary work; but one is spoiled for such a service as he reads its

glowing pages. It is simply an embodied camp-meeting, with all its holy songs, impassioned exhortations, triumphant shouts, and waves of overwhelming emotion. No one can read it without profit, and few will be likely to commence it without finishing its pages.

The *Globe*, of August, contains quite a full report of the commencement exercises of the Maine State Agricultural College, and the baccalaureate sermon of Dr. Charles F. Allen. The discourse was an able portrayal of the best measures to secure a broad, manly Christian development, and closed with excellent and touching counsels to the young men of the graduating class.

We do not know how it is in Maine, but as a whole, our Agricultural Colleges prove a failure, so far as the work of training men for life on farms is concerned. At the late international convention, held in Elmira, N. Y., Dr. McGlash, in a very able discourse, exposed the division of the money received from public lands among such institutions, for the reason of their failure in this respect, and also objected to its being devoted to the endowment of State collegiate institutions, but recommended that it be used for the establishment and endowment of the higher preparatory schools for colleges. This view seemed to meet with the general acceptance of the intelligent body of educators gathered at the Convention.

The private Secretary of the King of Siam, bearing an unpronounceable name, writes in the *London Athenaeum* an unsupported denial of some of the statements made by Mrs. A. H. Lenowens, an English lady, who was for a number of years an instructor in the King's family, and whose entertaining volumes and interesting lives have been given her a very favorable introduction to our reading and thinking people.

At the suggestion of friends, Mr. Lenowens makes a very calm and convincing response to these charges in the *Advertiser* of last Friday. She bore away with her from Siam, in 1867, a highly commendatory letter from the King, and testimonials from the Chiefs of the kingdom. It is not surprising that the king shrinks from having the civilized world look into the halls of his harem, or sit in judgment upon his exercise of unrestrained power. We see nothing in the official communication to the *Athenaeum* that throws doubt upon the scrupulous statements of the heroic woman who so bravely often resisted the will of one whose anger was only restrained by the fear of the powerful nation of which she was the worthy representative.

The *Watchman* gave, a week since, an account of a very novel and interesting service which was held in the Baptist Church at Watertown, Mass. A party was given in the Church parlors to the old people. Forty-two persons, over sixty years of age, were the invited guests of the remarkably pleasant occasion. The aggregate ages reached over three thousand years, and the average was seventy-one. A photograph of the aged communicants was taken as they stood in a group by the porch of the church. Religious exercises were first held in the audience room of the Church; then a supper, followed by a delightful social entertainment, interspersed with singing. Altogether, we hardly recollect of reading of a more agreeable affair of the kind. The young people are rarely forgotten, but these old saints that linger with us in much physical infirmity, are too often, unintentionally, perhaps, overlooked. It is well to bring Simon and Anna together into the house of God, to receive their last blessing before the Master permits them to depart in peace!

Gen. Butler has issued a long letter in justification of the so-called "back pay" fraud of the last session of Congress. It is written with much ingenuity, but only illustrates the skill with which sometimes the worse can be made to appear the better reason. The paper opens with a very clear putting of the argument in advocacy of the expediency and propriety of a larger salary for the President and members of Congress, to which little exception can be taken; he then goes on to justify its enlargement, by their own vote, and its retroactive character, by showing that the course has the defense of precedent—that the greatest and best of our statesmen, Washington not excepted (he did not vote it to himself), had received back pay—that it is customary to date back to the commencement of the term of office the salary, or *per diem* compensation, established by legislative resolution—that it really was not an enlargement, but an equalization of salaries by the abrogation of mileage; and finally, that those who have apparently conscientiously refused it were frightened into this course by the newspapers, or a fear of their constituents. Common sense, however, is invincible, and in spite of all special pleading, the public conscience, which is a wholesome sign of the times, will continue to repudiate the whole thing.

Among its editorials last week, *The Methodist* has an interesting article upon the newly developed taste among the higher classes of readers for historical and scientific works rather than volumes of fiction. The paper which ably discusses the occasion of this intellectual revolution, is founded upon a paragraph selected from the *American Bookseller's Guide*, in which it is said: "Amongst cultivated readers of the present day there is less novel-reading than a few years ago. The story of human experience is not less interesting, nor are we likely soon to do without the artistic and dramatic recitals of fiction; but the upper strata of readers, those who read books and are becoming more and more interested in the real world and real heroes. In a word, science and history are becoming the most attractive reading, and are the fashion in literature."

We trust this appetite will grow with what it feeds upon, and that the same taste will be cultivated by those in humbler walks in life.

We read with much surprise and much pleasure the very familiar names of John P. Jewett & Co. (the senior member of the firm being the well-known publisher, formerly in Boston, of Uncle Tom's Cabin) upon a very handsomely published octavo volume, entitled *The Ways of Women in their Physical, Moral and Intellectual Relations*. The volume is anonymously written by, evidently, an intelligent and cultivated physician. Its title is so sensational, or rather meaningless, that one is at first somewhat prejudiced against the volume. But it is written with marked ability, full of good sense, of practical and professional counsels in reference to the physical, intellectual and social development of the sex from birth until death. It treats, with excellent judgment, as they are incidentally suggested, the various questions now in public discussion, of which woman is one of the principal factors. The volume makes an octavo of about five hundred pages. We suppose it is a subscription book. Our old friend Jewett now makes his publication office at 5 Dewey Street, New York. We wish him success; and his literary venture certainly deserves it.

Little reliance can be placed upon the first personal announcements made in reference to conspicuous individuals. The newspapers have nearly killed Mr. Wilson, and now the Atlantic telegraph puts an end to the literary activity of Mr. Moody by a stroke of paralysis. The succeeding dispatch, however, makes the affair lighter, and announces the historian as simply suffering severely from neuralgia.

Rev. Wm. O. Cady, of the Providence Conference, has met with a severe affliction in the death of Myron O. Cady, his youngest son, aged 14 years. He was drowned while bathing in the Connecticut River in Portland, Conn., August 2. He was much beloved, promising, always present in Sunday-school and church, a general favorite. He was buried from our church in Portland on the 5th, a large congregation manifesting their sympathy with the bereaved family.

Rev. J. O. Peck will make a visit to New England between November 10 and November 26, on a lecturing tour under the management of Redpath's Lyceum Bureau.

Our Brooklyn correspondent in his late personal criticism of Dr. Eddy for the occupation of Plymouth pulpit, fell into, probably, an unintentional exaggeration. Dr. Eddy supplied Mr. Beecher's pulpit but two Sabbaths in July. It was during a needed respite from traveling, he having just returned from a Western trip in which he had spoken publicly fifteen times, and his work had been arranged for the succeeding weeks for office duty in New York. Neither Dr. Eddy nor his colleagues undertake lecturing or the dedication of churches, for pecuniary compensation. A proper period of rest from labor, a change from the platform to the office, and the employment of a vacant Sabbath or two in preaching the gospel, when the circumstances of the work require presence in New York, and no pulpit is opened for a missionary sermon, are certainly within the discretion of our hard-working, earnest and successful missionary secretaries. There is such a thing as following our public servants up too sharp a stick. It is just possible that the business may be a little overdone.

Joseph Arch, who is about coming up a visit of inspection to this country, is not a man of brilliant abilities. He is an English peasant, with the sluggish blood of his race in his veins. But he is a man of remarkable judgment, and mental and moral power of a certain order. He has aroused to an astonishing degree the proverbially stupid working farmers of England; and what is better, he has held back their unintelligent energies from idle demonstrations, and secured for their demands, by his remarkable prudence, the respect of the ruling classes, and at least a partial acknowledgement of their claims and a small advance in their wages. He is a Methodist Local Preacher, of ordinary abilities, of unblemished reputation, and of almost unequalled influence over the audiences he addresses. He is coming to this country to see if it is a good home for the working man, and if his opportunities here for mainly development are what they have been represented to be. It is to be hoped that he will not be fettered, but permitted quietly to make the fullest personal examinations. There can be little doubt as to his ultimate conclusion. His representation will powerfully influence the better class of small farmers, the best possible emigrants, to turn their course in this direction.

An ordinary reader glancing over the last *Advocate*, would suppose from the heading of an article entitled, *Explanatory Note*, that the editor of *Zion's Herald* had sought to make a public explanation of an editorial in his own columns, in *The Christian Advocate*. It is only necessary to say, that the note was a private one, as the receiver knew, from the playful social sentences which he has omitted in print; and the publication of it without consent is an act which could not be characterized by the complimentary term used in reference to the writer of it.

Fairplay, Colorado, ninety-five miles from Denver, is the most elevated town in the United States. It is on the eastern base of Mount Lincoln, and is nearly two miles (2,744 feet) above sea-level. The town is situated 3,500 feet higher than the top of Mt. Washington. Mt. Lincoln towers above Fairplay over 16,000 feet. There is a wagon road to its summit. The town contains one thousand inhabitants, and is the supply point for the miners, three thousand of whom are now at work around Mt. Lincoln. Prof. Hayden and his party, under a government commission, are now exploring this region.

The Chamberlain Institute and Female College, situated in Randolph, Cataraugus Co., N. Y., sends out a very handsome and a very encouraging catalogue. Its boarding-hall, destroyed a year ago by fire, has been rebuilt in the most substantial and tasteful manner. It is under the able management of Rev. J. T. Edwards, A. M.—an educator well known in New England. The institution is well supplied with all modern facilities for instruction. It has a large Faculty, and gathered last year 280 different students. It graduated from its regular course six ladies and one gentleman.

We congratulate the Board of Managers of the East Greenwich Academy on their excellent choice of a Preceptor. We learn that they have elected Miss Ellen U. Clark, of the Lasell Seminary. Miss Clark is a rare scholar, being a graduate of two of the best New England institutions, in both of which she maintained the first rank in scholarship. As a teacher, she possesses a natural insight into character and a quiet efficiency in discipline, which qualify her for the important position to which she has been elected. The academic year will commence August 19.

The Sanitarian, which is a new magazine, is in fact working its way into public favor. In its August number, has a very valuable paper upon School Poisoning in New York City. This question of ventilation in crowded buildings, especially where the susceptible bodies of young children are exposed, is one of paramount importance. School superintendents and teachers should read this number of *The Sanitarian*. All the articles are practical and valuable.

Prof. H. S. Carhart, of the Northwestern University, made us a pleasant call last week. He is enjoying his first visit to our city, and although the vacation months forbid the full examination of the public institutions, he found entrance into many of them, and introduction to several of our University men.

The Advocate of Holiness for July, which has just reached us, together with the August number, contains a very well executed and admirably engraved likeness of the late Rev. R. V. Lawrence. The numbers for July and August are well filled with valuable and instructive articles. The Magazine is ably conducted, and we are not surprised to learn of the constant increase of its subscription list.

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Dr. Wardsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, was appealed to by one of his clergy who had found in the church graveyard a tombstone bearing the inscription of a "faithful Wesleyan," as to what was to be done in such a painful case. The church deed might turn in their graves to have Wesleyan dust mingling with theirs! The prudent and amiable advice of the Bishop was, to leave the dead alone, lest he might fall into certain legal difficulties, but to preach a faithful sermon upon Schism.

As if reminded of a neglected duty, Dr. Wardsworth has himself published a remarkable pastoral letter, setting forth the hitherto pardonable fault of the Wesleyans, on account of the rude repulsion of the Church towards them, but now he proffers them Episcopal ordination if they will return to the bosom of the Church; and a neglect of this offer may bring upon their consciences the guilt of schism. The pastoral is dignified, intended to be kind and paternal, but the child has become too mature and weighty for the parental arms, and has been kept so long in the cold as to have set up housekeeping for himself. The Great Bishop of souls seems to be satisfied with Presbyterian ordination.

If all the representative men of the different Methodist families in this country were of the same spirit as Rev. Alexander Clark, of the *Methodist Recorder*, it would be but a short period before the bodies they represent were all harmonized. In one great fraternal organization, until that consummation, he proposes the cultivation of brotherly love; to which we respond, Amen! His amiable, however, is not his only admirable trait. Brother Clark knows how to make a good religious newspaper.

The death of Bishop Wilberforce is said to have been a terrible blow to Mr. Gladstone. They were old and intimate friends. For several days after his fatal accident the Premier was so well as to alarm his friends. When he first appeared, after the event, in the House of Commons, he was thin and pale as a ghost, and leaned wearily upon his staff. The early prorogation of Parliament may have been due, in no small measure, to the exhaustion and anxiety of Mr. Gladstone.

Presiding Elder Fellows has issued a very wholesome circular, which he has distributed throughout his district, calling attention to the Sterling Camp-meeting, and suggesting suitable personal preparations to render it eminently profitable.

Bishop Wiles leaves on Thursday, the 14th inst., for Michigan and the Western Conferences, and will not return to New England till about the middle of October. Correspondents of the Bishop may save time and labor by making a note of this.

Rev. S. L. Rodgers, agent of the North Carolina M. E. Conference Seminars, is in the city. Bishop Haven has recently visited the locality, and commends the educational interests of that Conference to the liberality of our friends, as do also Bishops Simpson, Jones and Ames.

A very successful Freedmen's Aid Meeting was held at the Oak Bluffs Chapel last Friday evening. A fine congregation listened to able addresses from the Secretary, Dr. Rust, Bishop Haven, and Dr. R. M. Hatfield.

The publishers of *Every Saturday* invite attention to the opening chapters of their new serial story, "Young Brown," of which *The London Spectator* says: "It is going to be a charming one."

The Trustees of Boston University have about concluded negotiations for the purchase of a fine building, elegantly situated adjoining the Athenaeum on Beacon Street.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH.—The opening of the Boston & Maine Railroad through the seaside cities and towns, from Portsmouth to Portland, has brought very prominently and rapidly into notice the unusual attractions of "Old Orchard Beach." This, now fast becoming famous resort, has long been known to those who have sought out nature's attractions. It has one of the grandest beaches of the world for bathing, resting, dining, and all the advantages desirable at the seaside. To the invalid, who wishes for regular baths, it has the great desideratum of there always being a good state of the sea for bathing purposes, no matter what the tide is—high or low. The beach is so wide, so gentle the inclination to the water, that the only danger about bathing is the distance one has to walk to reach it. There is no dangerous under tow—no rapid currents to interfere with the feeling of perfect security one may enjoy in a plunge and swim from this beach.

There has recently been purchased a fine tract of land here—a part of a beautiful grove—which has been laid out for a camp ground, and those of our Society and others who live in and around Portland, will find it a most desirable location. Among the many really good houses at the beach, besides the well-known "Old Orchard" and "Ocean," there is the "St. Cloud," down by the seaside, kept by Mrs. Munson, who, whether superintending a large infant class in the Sunday-school at Biddeford, or the multifarious duties of her large boarding-house, seems equally competent and agreeable.

TEMPERANCE MEETING AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—The third annual temperance meeting at Martha's Vineyard will be held under the great Tabernacle on Thursday, August 21, commencing at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and continuing through the evening.

It is expected that this will be the best meeting of the series, and it is probable that the grounds will be illuminated on the occasion with Chinese lanterns.

Good speakers will be announced in due time.

H. W. CONANT, Chairman Committee of Association.

OAK BLUFFS AND MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—As the Camp-meeting exercises are about to commence, we will in place to say that the Old Colony Railroad Co., in order to accommodate the traveling public, have, in addition to their ordinary facilities *via* the popular Wood's Hole route, put on a special express train to and from Hyannis; thus giving visitors at that popular resort, and the crowds which attend the Camp-meetings at Yarmouth and Centerville, excellent opportunities for visiting that favored resort.

WANTS OF THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY. 1. A liberal collection from every Methodist congregation in New England.

2. Special donations from our wealthy members for the erection of Seminary buildings and boarding houses.

3. The co-operation of every preacher in presenting the claims of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and in raising funds in its behalf.

4. A place in the affections, and an interest in the prayers of all our people.

5. A liberal recognition in your will.

Rev. W. B. Eldridge, of Hampden, Me., referred to recently as an artist by his correspondent, is so in a better sense than with paint-brush and easel, or even the camera. He can only favor the many persons applying to him for a loan of his beautiful sketches, by giving them an exhibition *via* *vice*—which we doubt not he will bequeath willingly to do.

ERRATUM.—We hope our readers will not allow the erratic types at foot of our second editorial column last week, to assign our genial friend, Dr. G. M. Steele, to either the training or treatment of "intellectual old boxes," etc. By a curious misplacement of the metallic words, after both the editor and proof-reader had scanned the page, the mirth-provoking transposition occurred.

CLEANINGS OF THE WEEK.

The last Annual Catalogue of the East Greenwell Academy is on our table. In addition to its admirably appointed Faculty, already noticed by us, we call attention to Prof. R. S. Keyser, in the department of Mathematics and Natural Sciences, who is represented to be a master indeed in these specialties. Prof. Munroe's ability to train students in vocal gymnastics is confessed to be quite peerless; and with Prof. Phillips in charge of students in French, doubtless the high commendations given him by the Providence people, where he has for some time taught with excellent success, will be repeated. We rejoice heartily with the many friends of the institution over the pleasant auspices of the term opening Tuesday next.

A stage from the Crawford to the Profile House, Monday noon, 11th, upset, killing a boy (J. R. D. Reeves) from Baltimore and A. S. Butler, of Allegan, Mich., fatally injuring Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and eight others badly.

Sewall, Day and Co.'s Cordage Works, at Boston Highlands, were damaged by fire on Monday afternoon, to the extent of \$40,000.

Brigham Young's wife No. 17, who sues for a divorce, reveals some not very pleasing facts in the domestic life of Brigham.

The Mormons who do not follow Brigham Young are no numerous. They do not practice polygamy, and acknowledge Joe Smith as their leader.

The colored republicans of New York State met in convention at Saratoga lately, and voted to form a permanent organization for the year, and adjourned to meet in New York city October 2.

The Hoosac tunnel for July progressed from central shaft, westward, 151 feet; from west shaft, eastward, 137 feet; total advance, 288 feet; rock remaining to be pierced, 1,119 feet.

A stable and L. of the house on Federal Street, Brunswick, Me., were destroyed by fire Friday morning. In the L. was the library of Leonard Woods, D. D., valued at \$10,000—a total loss, and no insurance—besides Dr. Woods' manuscript of a valuable work which was nearly ready for the press, which he has been preparing for many years.

The captain and other officers of the wrecked City of Washington have been dismissed from the employ of the Inman Steamship Company.

There is trouble among the Catholics at Portsmouth, N. H., a suit in equity having been brought against the priest and Bishop Bacon of Portland, by members of the church, who have been denied access to the church built by them, and also denounced in most disgusting formalities from the pulpit by the priest.

Very many persons will regret, though many will not be surprised, that Rev. Newman Hall appears in the divorce court. He has been sorely tried by his wife's capricious and uncertain temper, which he endured till adultery on her part with a man named Richardson made even forbearance virtuous.

While Rev. N. Culver was preaching in the Methodist Church at Lebanon, on Sunday last, a dove, near the close of the service, flew into the building, and alighting upon the open Bible, remained there till the benediction was pronounced.

A terrible rain and hail-storm occurred at Dubuque, Ia., Wednesday, 7th, damaging a large number of houses, and four towers of the Methodist Church were blown down.

The whaling barque Annawan, from New Bedford, June 19, captured, and five of her crew were drowned. The remaining seventeen, were rescued, and landed at Liverpool on the 7th.

Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., of N. York, is to deliver a course of lectures before our Boston School of Theology next fall. This is a very pleasant indication of a growing interdenominational interest and fellowship on the part of the two American Episcopal churches. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., distinguished Episcopal clergyman of Boston, addressed the same school last winter.

At the request of a large number of the ministers of the Indiana Conference, Bishop Simpson has changed the time of its session. It will meet on Thursday, October 24, instead of September 3d, as heretofore published.

The Episcopal Bishop of Wisconsin advises young ministers proposing to take work in his diocese to postpone matrimonial engagements until they become fully established, and have assurance of competent salaries.

Sharky, the New York murderer, who was to be hanged to-morrow, has obtained a stay of proceedings.

The South Framingham Camp-meeting begins Tuesday, Aug. 26th, and continues eight days. The determination of those having this meeting in charge is to do all in their power to render it an occasion of spiritual profit to those who attend, relying on God and willing Christian laborers to effect this. For particulars, see advertisement in this paper and circulars of the committee.

Harper's Weekly has an illustration of the new Bible House at Constantinople. The building is of stone, eighty feet by seventy-one, and four stories high, and presents a fine appearance. The cost of building and site was \$66,920.34. It was completed and dedicated June 15, 1873.

According to latest reports, Mr. Thomas Scott's projects in the line of the consolidation of railroads, bid fair to make him a rival of Vanderbilt himself. His designs evidently contemplate "a thorough line from Halifax to San Francisco under one management."

The English government, while admitting that the Carlists are gaining ground, refuses to accord them belligerent rights. It is not so fast in helping Spanish rebels as it was in helping American rebels.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Vineyard Grove.—Twenty-two years ago my first visit was made to this holy place, consecrated by the tears of many penitents, and by the renewed experiences of many saints. That first visit was *via* Providence, in the well-known steamer *Canonius*. Five hundred or more happy souls crowded her decks when we left the wharf

but their joy was short-lived, for on getting out of the wharf, forty or fifty things began to assume a very unsettled condition. The waves would tumble, and sympathetic stomachs would roll to their music, and soon more than two thirds of the people were sick at death.

How grateful we are that a different route has been opened, so that now we can get to this delightful place, "and not a wave of trouble roll across our peaceful breasts." No forbidding sign *ab initio* pectus; no pale, blue, lips; no anxious wondering why we don't die, nor yet more wonder why we live and feel so bad; none of all this, if you do as so many people are doing, make the trip by way of the Old Colony Road, the shortest and the pleasantest route of all, and avoiding all possible danger from seasickness.

But other changes have taken place besides that in means of access. Twenty-two years ago there were forty or fifty tents upon the ground, and not more than five or six family tents, and not more than one wooden cottage, which was built by Rev. Frederick Upham, D. D. Now the number of society tents is not much larger than it was a score of years ago, but private family tents, cottages, and elegant residences costing (some of them) more than \$10,000 each, are counted by the thousand. Of course, Oak Bluffs and the Highlands, as the camp-ground proper, are included in this estimate; but then they are the offshoots of this original enterprise, and constitute a part of its growth and development.

Twenty-two years ago, and there were no people here except during the week of the meeting; and now the settlement lasts the year round, composed of carpenters, builders, store-keepers, and all the usual variety of citizens. Father Upham, the general and happy old man, is the resident pastor and bishop, and looks after the spiritual wants of the flock, gathered, like the dwellers in heaven, from all parts of the earth. His presence is a benediction, and a good spiritual influence seems to pervade the place. Preaching is regularly maintained on the Sabbath, both forenoon and afternoon, and public prayers in the morning, and a prayer-meeting in the evening, so that on every weekday meetings are held at 8.30 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., which are largely attended and spiritually profitable.

In regard to the relative religious interests involved, it would be an ungracious task to institute a comparison between the now and then. The simple fact is, that the multitude who now throng these grounds are more than fifty times as great as those of former days; and hence it may well be supposed that the means which were then found effectual are not adequate to the present needs. But this is by no means saying that there is less real religious influence now than formerly; still, it must be evident to the thoughtful that it is possible to give a more and more complete victory in the name of the Lord. The question is this: Will the people of God accept the situation which Providence has thrust upon them? Will they disperse every doubt and fear, and believe that all things are possible to those who dare venture and do? Will they comprehend the importance of organizing all the forces at command, and then, with God's blessing, hurl them *en masse* against the enemy? Will ministers unite as never before, and humbly claim the divine help? and will the people unite with the ministers, and all resolve that every means shall be employed to bring about a sweeping revival of pure religion? It only needs a few leading minds, a few chosen spirits, and the saints who pray for the peace of Jerusalem will gather about with a zeal and fervor which will insure success. O that this very year might be the year of grace to this encampment! O that the power of God might come upon the people, and hundreds and thousands be converted and saved!

Music at Camp-meetings.—It has doubtless been observed by all who are in the habit of attending our camp-meetings, that the social singing in the tents is generally far better than at the "stand." In the former, though the hymns and tunes are largely those which it would be better to leave unsung, yet they are introduced and sung to the unity every year by persons peculiarly interested in their sale, till they are learned by heart; while the grand old hymns of the Wesley's, Cowper, Doddridge, Watts, and a host of others which are to be found only in hymn and tune books, are almost with a few exceptions, unknown to the majority of our own Church. While, therefore the former are constantly sung at all our social meetings, with great animation both by saints and sinners, these are seldom sung, except in the public worship, and then only by a small number who may have memorized them, or who chance to have a hymn book with them.

This serious evil ought to be speedily removed, as detrimental to the Church in her work of awakening and converting souls, as well as dishonorable to these grand old lyrics. The Reformation was advanced hardly less by the devout hymns and majestic melodies which Luther gave to the people, than by his sermons; and in the days of the Wesley's their hymns were not only a great aid to devotion, but were a strong agency in impressing theology upon the hearts of the people. The effect of a general participation of the multitudes at our camp-meetings in these sublime old hymns, would be great and lasting in the extreme; but it has never been realized because these productions are not in the hands of the people.

We do find ourselves most happy, therefore, to learn that Brother J. P. Magee has engaged Dr. Tourjee to prepare a selection of hymns and tunes especially adapted to meet this want. Some seventy-five of our best hymns and several of our standard tunes have been printed in a very neat pamphlet of sixteen pages, entitled "Select Hymns and Tunes for Camp-meetings, Praise Meetings, and for Social and Public Worship," which can be obtained at a merely nominal price. Every person attending our camp-meetings should be supplied with a copy, and we trust our brethren who have charge of such matters will give this subject the attention which its importance deserves. [If any of our societies doubt the good effects of procuring a generous supply of the Camp-meeting sheets above alluded to, we suggest that they read attentively the following article, which bears directly upon that point.]

Read Bro. Magee's advertisement.

RHODE ISLAND.

Temperance Mass Meeting at Rocky Point.—The idea of holding a great Mass Temperance Meeting at Rocky Point, was originated by Rev. H. W. Conant, of Providence. The first one, held three years since, was so enjoyable that it was voted to hold another the next season. Multitudes have since gathered at the annual meetings, the fourth having been held August 3th, and admitted to be the best of the series. It was voted to hold another "somewhere on the shores of Narragansett Bay, in the season of 1874;" and the old

committee were appointed to make the preparations.

Among the remarkable features of this meeting, rendering it unlike any other held in this country, if not on the globe, was, first, the continuous session, from half-past ten till five o'clock. During this entire time, speeches, songs and music were in progress, a large audience being present all the time, the interest increasing to the last moment, when the doxology was sung by hearts newly warmed and inspired for the coming conflict. And secondly, the speakers all came for the good of the cause, without any expectation of fee or reward.

The circulation of sheets containing temperance songs, enabled the whole audience to sing with the best effect, thousands of voices mingling in grand old airs and choruses with the American band.

The key-note of the meeting was given by His Excellency, Henry Howard, Governor of the State, who declared that "intemperance was the profligate father of all crime," and that the solution of the question, "demanded the broadest statesmanship," and that of removing it "without law, was like whistling in the cave of the winds to turn back the cataract of Niagara." New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut were represented; and probably few meetings have been held in this country, in which so much wealth has been represented. Another one may be expected, according to the vote of this gathering, somewhere on the shores of Narragansett Bay, in 1874. Such assemblages indicate the increasing interest felt in the subject, and ought to be multiplied, as conducive to the success of the great work before us.

MAINE.

Portland District.—Spending a day at Martha's Grove Camp Ground, Fryeburg, as we entered the grounds we were pleased to notice the improvements going forward. The boarding-house has an addition of thirty feet to its length, and the whole upper story fitted for lodging rooms, making ample accommodations for all, male or female, who do not care to provide themselves with tents. A large restaurant has been erected, the grounds cleared up, a large number of trees set out on the outskirts of the grove, one thousand seats are being added to the auditorium, the stable is being enlarged, a cottage for the Presiding Elder is being built, and various other improvements effected.

The natural advantages of these grounds for a camp-meeting are unsurpassed by any we have visited—an abundant supply of the purest water; the grove shaded within the circle of tents by the finest silver maples, some of which are more than three feet in diameter and running up to a great height, their wide-spreading branches helping to form one of the grandest canopies to be found on the continent; while a few roads, on the banks of the beautiful "Saco," you obtain a peerless view of river and mountain scenery. Persons living on the sea shore and desiring a change of air and scenery, can nowhere find a more delightful spot in which to spend a few weeks than at "Martha's Grove." The meeting is expected to commence 19th of August, and will be larger and more interesting than any that has ever been held there. The fare from Portland to the camp-ground and return, including baggage and also transportation from the depot to the ground and back, is \$1.50. May the Lord give us a thousand souls converted at Martha's Grove this year.

PORTLAND, August 2, 1878.

The Maine State Camp-meeting, with special reference to Holiness, commenced August 6. The new Tabernacle was dedicated at 2 P. M., the 7th. Dr. Stephen Allen, Revs. George Pratt and J. Allen, and others, spoke on the occasion. Rev. D. B. Randall offered the dedicatory prayer, and Heaven answered with abundance of blessings. It was an hour of deep interest.

Rev. W. B. Eldridge, pastor, Mr. Martin, Wardwell and Luce have preached. The meeting opens well, and is full of promise of good to ministers and churches. It has become an attraction to all good people. The weather is all that could be desired, and the scene is full of beauty. If the grounds had been laid out well, it would be an earthly paradise. Trust this meeting may give due to the others, at Northport August 25, Charleston September 1, Nobleborough the 8th.

EAST MAINE.

Our friends at Hampden have re-opened the audience room of their church. The dedicatory service was performed by the Rev. A. Prince, of Bangor, assisted by the Rev. W. B. Eldridge, pastor, and Rev. L. C. Browning. Touching reference was made by the preacher to former worshippers in the old structure, but who are now in the upper sanctuary. The evening sermon was preached by the Rev. W. T. Jewell, of Orrington. This very neat and commodious church, by being raised five feet, has a large vestry and smaller vestry, the audience room from the base of one of the most heavy and unsightly buildings on the river, is now one of the lightest and neatest. The ladies deserve praise for their self-sacrificing labors in this good work, especially the young ladies of the church and congregation for their practical and handsome chandeliers and bracket lamps, costing about \$116. They are very cheap and elegant in design, and universally admired. We need, and are looking for, that which human agency cannot give us (though it may connect with it) a richer and fuller baptism of the Holy Spirit, to render the preaching effective, and the services profitable. "Brethren, pray for us!"

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Rev. C. N. Dunning is confined to his house with varioloid. Pray for him.

The Methodist Society in Concord will probably enlarge and repair their present house of worship at the North End, and another society will be formed and a church erected at the South End, where much building is going on. The Congregationalists have their eye on this territory, and are also intending to erect a church there.

Efforts are making with owners of mercantile property in Concord, to induce them to terminate all leases with their rum-selling tenants. Considerable success has thus far attended this movement certainly. One of the best located saloons in the city was vacated by its keeper some weeks ago, and a few days since another liquor seller was warned out. The police say that this movement promises to be more effectual than any means heretofore tried to stop the traffic—only one hotel now selling liquor openly, another confining its sales almost exclusively to its guests, while the other two are reported as selling no spirits at all.

Prof. Silas H. Pearl, principal of the Normal School at Plymouth, died on the 4th. He was a graduate of Burlington University, and about forty years of age.

Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, and Bishop Bacon of Portland, were serenaded recently in Concord.

VERMONT ITEMS.

A debt of \$1,300 on the Congregational Church of Peacham, has been canceled by subscriptions, mostly through the efforts of the Ladies' Society of the Church.

Work has commenced upon the foundation of the new Baptist Church in Windsor. The Universalist Church in Springfield has had its roof slated and the walls and ceiling frescoed.

Seven persons united with the Universalist Church in Brattleboro, July 13. Three of the number were immersed.

Rev. Mr. May has been engaged to supply the Congregational Church, St. Johnsbury, Center. Nine by profession, and two by letter were added.

Several Sunday-schools have recently been started in various parts of Irasburg by Revs. H. A. Forrest and A. A. Smith.

Mrs. Mary S. and Miss Mary Fletcher, widow and daughter of the late Hon. T. R. Fletcher, have donated \$30,000 to Burlington, for the founding of a free library to be called the "Fletcher Free Library."

The Congregational Church, Cabot, have raised funds to purchase a new organ.

A revival is reported in the Congregational Church, Fayetteville.

Rev. A. L. Ames is engaged as pastor of the Baptist Church at Berkshire Center.

Rev. W. S. Blaisdell, late pastor of the Baptist Church, Factory Point, and his wife have united with the Congregational Church in Manchester.

A Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has been formed at Richmond, with twenty-one members.

The new Methodist Episcopal Church at Enosburgh Falls is rapidly approaching completion, and it will probably be finished and dedicated this fall.

The full term of the Vermont Methodist Seminary and Female College will open August 27.

Through the efforts of Rev. C. Tabor, of Hardwick, good work has been done in the cause of temperance of late. One hundred and seventy-five persons on his charge have enrolled their names on the total abstinence pledge.

Seven persons were received into the Methodist Episcopal Church at St. Albans on the 20th. The health of the pastor, Rev. A. C. Stevens, has greatly improved.

Brother Joseph Gould and son, of Northfield, are laying the foundation for their new brick wooden mill.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Montpelier, is steadily prospering under the efficient labors of Rev. H. A. Spencer, four persons having been received on probation, and fourteen admitted to the Church in the first quarter of the year.

Rev. Richard Patton reports all the interest of his charge at Guilford as improving.

The congregation at Newport is now larger than ever before. Brother Sterling is meeting with deserved success.

Rev. Dr. Kitchell, President of Middlebury College, has resigned on account of ill health.

A new Congregational Church is to be built at Barton, at an expense of \$8,000, to be covered this fall.

Henry Fobes, of Canton, Theological Seminary, goes to the Universalist Church at Gayville.

Rev. L. O. Brastow, of St. Johnsbury, after having declined one call from the White Street Congregational Church, Burlington, has accepted a second call from that Church.

Money Letters from July 26 to Aug. 11.

A. S. Adams, G. J. Bliss, O. Cole, S. C. Colburn, L. G. Crawford, W. B. Eldridge, J. B. Frye, J. H. G. Hardy, H. C. Hammond, J. H. Hays, J. Hawkins, J. C. Jones, E. M. King, J. B. Lapham, E. J. Longfellow, C. R. Morrison, E. McChesney, G. M. Mitchell, N. Morris, B. Newton, C. W. Porter, G. M. Pettibone, J. C. W. Pennell, J. Radford, G. P. Rowell, J. F. Sheffield, E. S. Shapleigh, J. C. Stratton, L. A. Stephens, E. R. Thorndike, John Thompson, J. L. Trefren, F. A. Wardwell, S. M. Williams, A. Whitcomb.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters Received from Aug. 2 to Aug. 9. C. W. Averill, C. W. Ames, J. A. Arden, E. G. Babcock, C. B. Britton, H. L. Bixby, C. B. Bess, W. M. Brown, E. A. Buck, C. W. Blackman, J. T. Brown, D. B. Bowman, H. C. Colcord, A. P. Cogg, B. Chrysler, S. E. Cushing, J. H. Dargis, J. F. Davis, C. B. Deland, R. F. Fletcher, A. G. French, A. Gardner, S. S. Gross, E. M. Gerrick, E. Gerry, J. T. Gengeheller, C. H. Harriman, L. Hill, A. C. Nichols, C. L. Kirkland, J. Lovely, Geo. E. Lee, A. McNeil, Col. Mayo & Pettie, W. W. Marshall, A. A. Nelson, M. G. Prescott, S. A. Pease, F. H. Park, R. F. Patterson, W. B. Palmer, D. Prouty, L. Richardson, E. E. Sprague, N. F. Stevens, J. H. Sessler, E. Stanley, M. Sherman, M. Tibbitts, I. H. Turner, James Taylor, W. Wight, G. W. Winslow, C. M. Ward.

J. P. Magee, Agent, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

Church Register.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.
BUCKSPORT DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER. September.—Princeton, 9; Dorchester, 13; Westley, 12; Columbia, 20; Brookville, 27; Penobscot (Dorchester) 30 Oct. 1, October.—Eden, 4; Deer Isle, 11; Milltown, 11, by G. L. Hays; Canby, 12, by A. S. Townsend; East Buckport, 13, A. M.; Orland, 19, P. M.; Orrington Centre, 26, A. M.; Orrington, 26, P. M.

DISTRICT STEWARDS MEETING.—The District Stewards for Norwich District will meet in the Association Hall, at Williamstown Camp-ground, Aug. 27, at 1 P. M. O. H. JASPER, Dover, N. H., Aug. 6, 1878.

Marriages.

In this city, Aug. 5, by Rev. S. Cushing, Frank S. Kennard to Miss Hattie Mages, all of Boston. In East Andover, July 26, by Rev. G. H. Gates, Henry H. Stoddard, of W. Mass., to Miss Hannah Edwards, of Canby, Me.; June 21, R. H. Deacon to Miss M. A. Foster, both of Canby, Me. In New Bedford, June 1, by Rev. M. T. Worth, James L. Spooner to Miss Lydia B. Triggs, June 4, Wm. F. Harrold to Miss Emma L. McFarlin.

In Andover, July 1, by Rev. M. T. Worth, Nancy A. Allison to Miss Mary L. Reynolds; same day, Wm. F. Harrold to Miss Nancy A. Allison; June 26, Wm. M. Lee to Miss Sarah K. Gardner, June 2, H. H. Sessler to Miss Sarah J. Shepherd; July 17, Wm. H. Whitmore to Miss Emma F. Weaver; June 18, H. H. Sessler to Miss Jennie Joy; Aug. 5, Benjamin Kirk to Miss Ann Owen; same day, Howard M. Dexter to Miss Sarah J. Eaton; all of New Bedford. Aug. 5, Edward L. Hammond to Mrs. Abby J. Wendell, both of Eastham, Aug. 5, by Rev. J. B. Washburn, Solomon H. Mayo to Miss Eliza Fenneman, both of Eastham.

Deaths.

In this city, on the 8th inst., Dr. Benjamin Waldo, aged 75 years. He died instantly in the Lord, as he lay for a glorious resurrection into life eternal.

NEW BOOK.

A new book has just been issued, containing Lectures and Sermons, of one of the most eminent men of the age, the—

REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL. D. These productions contain some of the most profound and eloquent thoughts of this celebrated preacher. The title of the lectures are as follows:

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS TIMES.
FLORENCE AND THE FLOREN-
TINES.
THE HUGUENOTS
AND THEIR PERSECU-
TIONS.
JOHN BUNYAN
AND HIS TIMES.
DANIEL IN BA-
BYLON.
CA

A BIT OF A SERMON.

Whosoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right;
Rides even
Lead to heaven;
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.
Let no speck of surface dim,
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him,
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters,
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me;
But believe me,
To himself he is a snail!
Help the weak, if you are strong;
Love the old, if you are young;
Own a fault, if you are wrong;
If you're angry, hold your tongue;
In each duty,
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And as truly
As a kernel in a nut!
Love with all your heart and soul;
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole;
You can never be too whole!
'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood without it,
Our hearts without it,
(Never doubt it),
Are as worlds with a sun!
If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is true;
Words may give delight, with ease,
When no task is asked for you.
Words may offend
Scold and scold,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wisdom to be true.
Whosoever you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true;
Prayer, my lad, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now and ever,
Be as thorough as you can.
— Good Words for the Young.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, Aug. 24.

LESSON VII.—Third Quarter.

Notes on Matthew, Chapter vii. 21-29.

BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

21. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.
22. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have we cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?
23. And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.
24. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, shall liken himself unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock;
25. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.
26. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand;
27. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.
28. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:
29. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

This remarkable Sermon on the Mount is drawing to a close. It has swept the past and the future; it has announced new doctrines and usages, and unfolded old ones, as suitable only for a darker age and dispensation. The platform of Christianity is now laid; the ongoings and results are rapidly and vividly sketched in this lesson.
Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord. False prophets and teachers had been exposed and denounced in the ancient Church; they would also appear in the Church of the future. No amount of prayers, orthodox faith, earnest, eloquent, or even successful preaching, proved infallibly the Christian state of the heart. Doing the will of God vigorously and uniformly, alone shows that we are true Christians, and fit for heaven. Hypocrites can do all else but that. The Rabbin said, "a man should be as vigorous as a panther, as swift as an eagle, as fleet as a stag, and as strong as a lion to do the will of his Creator." War would reign in heaven if men could enter there confronting the will of God.

In that day—of judgment, now described as the occasion of God's final settlement with His rational creatures who have learned His will, and have or have not done it. This is the highest possible law, and the most reasonable conceivable to govern man.
Prophecy—cast out devils. Foretelling future events, and teaching even gospel truth, or casting out devils, may not prove that the heart is right with God. Balaam had the gift of prophecy, and Origen says, in the early Church wicked men cast out devils by using the name of Christ (which was permitted, not to accredit the performers), by Christ's holy doctrine and character. Judas, whether a good or a bad man, had power given him to cast out devils (Math. x. 1). There can be no doubt but great revivals of religion have occurred under the labors of vile and wicked men. God, who never does, nor allows evil to be done for the purpose of doing good, often overrules the works of devils and bad men to accomplish His glory and man's good. But the pleadings of such laborers as an approval in the sight of God, will avail nothing.
I never knew you. Not backsliders or apostates are here described, but self-deceivers, hypocrites, or Simon Magus-like, deluders of others. Such are not known of Christ, in the sense of approved, or accepted—belong not to His fold.

Depart from me; because your hearts and motives are dark, you neither do nor love my will and law, holding the truth in unrighteousness. All unbelieving hearts depart from God, no matter what their words; and then God casts them into outer darkness, such darkness which they have chosen. But how dreadful to all, and especially to such as have professed before men to be Christ's friends and ministers! Let all officers of Christ's church remember that their plea is not professional, but personal, if sufficient to save them.

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them. The appreciative and fruitful hearing of gospel truth is here made cardinal and fundamental in the Christian life and reward. Faith cometh by hearing—this kind of hearing which becomes practical. Truth heard and not practiced, like idle tale, or so terrible as to lead to skeptical devices to blunt its edge and spoil its power—both equally fatal. Those who hear, but never obey the gospel, are swept by every storm of human passion and satanic rage. They have no foundation; no rock of ages to which they can cling. But nothing can move those who hear and do the words of Christ. His omnipotence is pledged that no enemy shall overcome them, nor pluck them from His fold. The test of their goodness and greatness is in their smiling at all the storms and tempests that assail them. To build on Christ, is to trust Him and the

merits of His death alone for pardon and purity. How impressive this imagery must have been to an audience in Palestine, accustomed to the fierceness of an eastern tempest—those "winter torrents" as Homer calls them, carrying everything resistlessly before them. "The fishermen of Bengal," says Ward, the traveler, "build their huts in the dry season on the bed of sand from which the river has retired. . . . often very suddenly the winds and waters pour down in torrents from the mountains, and in one night multitudes of these houses are swept away." So perhaps the hope of the hypocrite at the giving up of the ghost; while the honest humble worker for the Master looks on and sings, "Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock."
Astonished at his doctrine, so original, so pure, so bold, so tender, so strict and lofty in its morality, and spiritual in its character. He borrowed from none, and depended on no superior. I will profess unto them—I will liken them. The people trembled! A divine consciousness seized them, that the Lawgiver and Judge of heaven and earth had spoken. The doctors of the law, the scribes, and Pharisees by his side, shrank away into the dimensions of insignificant and driveling novices. These could only say, "the wise men say;" "our rabbis have determined." But this Great Teacher says, "I say unto you."
So closes the model sermon of ages, by the model Teacher of generations; and among its numerous beauties and riches we see especially these three things: True happiness is not where the world places it. The gospel establishes and confirms the Law; and a religion that is merely outward, or ritualistic, is of no value. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." "If any man doeth His will, him He heareth."

Berean Lesson, Aug. 17.

Seed Thoughts.

(Supplementary.)

1. What is implied in the expression, Lord, Lord?
2. Who are false prophets and teachers?
3. What motives can actuate such?
4. Are they approved of God by the works they do, or their motives?
5. What only can secure harmony between God and men, in earth, or heaven?
6. What would heaven be, with any preparation short of this?
7. How much is implied in, Depart from me?
8. Why is such a result necessary?
9. Who are in danger of such an end, and who are certain of it?
10. What connection has the hearing of the gospel with salvation?
11. What is it to build on Christ?
12. Show what is meant by doing Christ's words?
13. To what do those become victims, who only hear?
14. What astonished the hearers of this sermon?
15. State the two leading features of the opening of this sermon (ch. vi.), and the leading feature of its close in this lesson.

The Family.

CATCHING SUNSHINE.

My next-door neighbor's little girl,
A cunning two-year old,
Wondered one day why drooped her flowers,
And decided to be told.
Then said her mamma, "Here is a door
The sunshine doesn't come
To warm and bless and gladden them,
And drive away their gloom.
And so they droop, as children do
Who get no tender love
To cheer them on that upward way,
Whence we all must move."
Next day, when mamma went to seek
Her darling at her play,
She found her standing in the sun
In just the queerest way;
For there she held aloft a cup
Above her pretty head.
"What are you doing, Lulu dear?"
Mamma, astonished, said.
Said she, her cup still held aloft—
"Bless her, ye heavenly powers!
I'm catching sunshine, mamma dear,
To give my little flowers."
Type of all children there was she,
Who in life's garden stand,
Still holding patiently aloft
Their life cups in their hand.
We, buried in our sorrow cares,
Are flowers that droop and die;
They catch God's sunshine as it pours
Forever from on high.
Upon our weary, aching hearts
They let its blessing fall;
Are flowers that drop and die;
In cottage, hut, or hall.
And so the world is kept alive,
And freshened every minute,
By the dear grace that overflows
The children who are in it.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE LITTLE CAMP.

BY SUSAN WARNER.

CHAPTER VIII.

[Continued.]

"Your luncheon would get pretty cold if that had to come up hill," observed Fenton.
"O no; I'd have it drawn up or swung up, somehow, very quick; and very hot."
"Swung up!" repeated Fenton scornfully.
"It's nicer to have such a little kitchen as we have got," said Esther, "and cook what we want ourselves. O, I do think that is just the best fun!"
"It makes your face red," said Josie.
"I don't care; who cares? The wind cools it again."
"Yes, but I tell you, you would grow very brown very soon, with the sun and the wind and the fire. I expect mamma will think I am now. And your hands would grow as hard as any thing."
Esther looked at her little fingers doubtfully. There was a little blister on one of them as it was. Fenton burst into a laugh.
"What jolly things girls are!" he said. "Brown! Why shouldn't you be brown, as well as a boy?"
"You are very rude, Fenton," said Josie drawing herself up. "Beauty isn't expected of you."
"Nobody expects it of you, that's got eyes in his head," said Fenton. "You might as well be brown and useful, for you won't be one of the ornamental kind."
Which speech however broke up not only the harmony of the party, but the party itself. Josie withdrew, much offended, to the shelter of the tent; and of course Esther went with her. Maggie and Fenton were left alone. Fenton was contriving or arranging some

floats for his fish lines; his little sister lay in the warm shadow, with her head on the moss, and a busy look in her blue eyes.

"I like my house very much, Fenton," she began. "It's beautiful; and so big, I don't believe I ever shall go through all the rooms of it. But I never knew it was my house before."

"How do you know it now?" Fenton asked. When they were alone, he generally put off his roughness, and was very gentle to his little sister.

"O I know it, because our Father made it, and it must be his house; and I am his child, and so it is my house; don't you see? And he made it for me to live in; don't you see, Fenton?"

"Uncle Eden says it is the devil's house."

"No, he didn't; he said the devil had got into it; but he can't hurt me, you know, Fenton, because my Father will take care of me."

"I don't understand all those horses, then," said Fenton; "that's all."

"I wonder what God's own house is like?" Maggie went on. "This is the house He made for us to live in; I wonder what his house must be! I suppose this is like my baby-house to it. We shall go and see it by and by; shan't we, Fenton?"

"I never saw such a piece of wood!" exclaimed the boy; "it's as crooked as a fury; I can't do anything with it. I guess you made me spoil it, talking to me. Hold on, till I get this fixed."

But to stop talking, for Maggie, in that warm shade, was to go to sleep. And I fancy sleep enchaineth them all, one after another; for the bill put up very still for some time. When the sun was westerling and far down in the sky, there began to be new life and stir on the mountain. All rose up to the necessity of getting supper. Fenton made a fire and fetched fresh water and put on the tea-kettle. Mrs. Ponsonby prepared a chicken for the gridiron. Mr. Murray cut slices of salt pork and stuck them on wooden skewers; and these he instructed Esther how to cook. They were set up before the fire in a row. As they began to cook and sputter, she took them one by one and plunged them in a pail of fresh water which stood by; then set the skewers up before the fire again. As soon as they were roasting and sputtering again, this dipping was repeated; and repeated five or six times in the course of the cooking, till the salt was extracted and the meat tender and delicate and juicy. Josie had declared she never could eat pork; and Fenton had announced his agreement with that sentiment; but the appetites were very keen, the chicken was only one chicken, and though it "went round," could not satisfy everybody; and the nice-looking slices of pork were at last appealed to. No more was heard on the subject.

"Who pulled a shawl over me?" Maggie asked when her tongue found leisure. "Uncle Eden, was it you?"

"I was afraid the growing coolness of the afternoon might chill you, Maggie. And everybody had deserted you."

"I was asleep myself," said Esther; "and Josie; we were asleep in the tent."

"I went off to fix my lines," said Fenton. "She was close by the tent. I knew she was safe."

"Ay, that's the way," said Mr. Murray. "There is only one Keeper that never slumbers nor sleeps. He took care of Maggie, you see."

"Why, you did, uncle Eden?" said Esther.

"How came I to wake up just at the right time? How came I to go round to the other side of the tent? I did not know Maggie was there."

"How did you come to do it then, sir?" Fenton asked, open-eyed.

"I think, perhaps, one of the angels that were keeping watch waked me up, and somehow directed my steps that way."

"But you did not see any angel?"

"No. He maketh His messengers winds; His ministers a flaming fire." God uses His angels to do His work of this sort; and I suppose they can do all sorts of things in doing it. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. Sometimes a wind will seem to do the work, sometimes the light of a fire, sometimes the song of a bird."

"Then God always takes care, don't He?" asked Maggie.

"Of His children; yes. And unless He does take care, children, all that we can do is of no sort of use. 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.'"

"Then it's no use to have watchmen, or to try to take care?"

"Yes; that is your part. The Lord will not do anything for you, as a general thing, that He has given you to do for yourself. But everything else, He will."

"Everything, uncle Eden?" asked Maggie wistfully.

"Everything, my pet. Every good thing. He is our Father, Maggie."

"I know," said Maggie, but so contentedly, that the water stood in the eyes of Mr. Murray and his sister.

"Hollo!" said Fenton. "Look who comes there!"

All eyes followed the direction of his; and behold at the brow of the hill, where Benson had appeared in the morning, the figure of a little mite of a boy. He was coming towards them, and he had a tall in his hand.

"What sort of a wood-spirt is this?" said Mrs. Ponsonby.

"He's barefooted!" exclaimed Maggie. "I should think the rocks and stones would hurt his feet, uncle Eden."

"We'll ask him," said Mr. Murray. The little creature drew near slowly; his steps were short ones; and he did not seem in a hurry. As he came closer, they could see that his trousers ended in a fringe of rags about his legs; coat he had none; and his shirt was almost as brown as himself. That was an exaggeration, though. For himself was as brown as any hazelnut you ever picked up under the bushes; face and arms and little bare feet, even his bosom where the open shirt showed it, were all a clear nut-brown. A very dilapidated old straw hat was on his head. He eyed the party silently as he came near them.

"Good evening!" said Mr. Murray in a cheery voice. "What have you got there, my friend?"

"Blackberries."

There was a general exclamation from the children. "O buy some, uncle Eden!" Maggie cried.

"Are blackberries ripe already?"

"Down in the hollow they be."

"Will you sell?"

"Guess I will," said the mite of a creature, "if you'll take 'em all."

"How much does your pail hold? and what's your price?"

"You may have 'em for fifty cents." "Fifty cents, eh?" said Mr. Murray, drawing out his purse. "How much is that by the quart?"

"I aint got no measure, of no sort." "How much do you reckon your pail holds?"

"A gallon, I guess," said the creature, setting down his pail before Mr. Murray, as though he was tired of holding it. The berries were large and ripe, with a soft bloom which had replaced the brilliant surface that blackberries show before they have attained maturity.

"Did you know we were up here?" Mr. Murray asked as he counted out his money.

"I heard there was a lot o' folks up this way."

"So you picked the berries for us? I am very much obliged to you. How long did it take you to gather all these?"

"I started out this mornin'."

"You did! From where? Whereabouts do you live, pray?"

"I lives on the mountings." "On the mountings! Is your home on this mountain?"

"There aint nobody lives on this 'ere mounting."

"I thought not. Is your home near here?"

"Not very."

"I guess it's two mile."

"Have you been home to dinner?" The creature shook its head.

"What have you lived upon all day?"

"I aint lived upon nothin'."

"That's hard fare. Why didn't you go home to get some dinner? I should, in your place."

The boy was absolutely silent.

"If you've had no dinner, perhaps you wouldn't object to taking some supper with us. Sit down; come!—you must be hungry after picking all that painful of blackberries. My little girl wants to know if the rocks don't hurt your feet?"

Still silence. The little boy looked curiously at Mr. Murray, who was serving slices of pork and buttering huge slices of bread, and adding the last joint of the chicken which remained on the platter. But when he handed them to the little berry-picker, with another cheery invitation to be seated and eat, the youngster hesitated no longer. He took the plate, went round to the other side of the fireplace, where he could be partially hid, and turning his back to them sat down. Mr. Murray however had no intention of losing him so. He waited a little; and then filled a saucer with berries, sugared them nicely, and as the little brown boy stirred from his place and came back with an empty dish, he was all ready for him.

"Now," said he, "take this to finish off with; and sit down here, right here; I want to talk to you."

For the first time the child's lips parted and showed a line of teeth, white by contrast with the dark skin. He sat down obediently, and took the sugared blackberries one by one, as if they were too good to be eaten faster.

"Do you like them so?" Mr. Murray asked.

"What?"

"These berries. Do you like them so, with sugar?"

"I'll bet you I do!" said the mite of a creature confidently. The children about him glanced at each other, with infinite suppressed enjoyment.

"You didn't tell me why you did not go home and get your dinner—as any other boy of your smartness would."

"He wouldn't, if 'twarn't there?"

"Is that the state of the case? How happens it?"

"Aint nobody to do nothin'." Mamma's been took sick."

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that. What's the matter?"

"I don't know."

"Who takes care of her while you are picking blackberries?"

"Julia."

"And who's Julia?"

"Julia? She takes care of mamma."

"Yes, and who is she? Your sister?"

"I don't know. I guess so."

Esther and Josie could hardly contain themselves, but Mr. Murray gave them a warning glance, and went on.

"Where is your father?"

"Aint got none."

"Are there more brothers of you or are you all alone?"

"No, there's three of us when we're to hum."

"Two more boys beside you. And do they pick berries too, and sell them? Where do you find a market?"

"They don't," said the little fellow,

finishing his sugar. "Tom gets work down to Canterbury; he's there now."

"And the other one?"

"The other one's 'Bijah. He's littler than me."

"What's your name?"

"Jeremiah Stetson."

"But my child, has your mother nothing to live on but what you and Tom bring in? What does Julia do?"

Jeremiah stood silent; either he did not understand, or he did not like to reveal the state of things at home.

"Now you would like to have your money and go. How far have you got to go, Jeremiah, after being on the hills all day?"

"A good piece back."

"Two miles, you said. Could I find your house? I want to come and see you."

"If you hit the track, you could get there."

"How shall I hit the track, or know when I have?"

"You'd know the house when you'd see it. I don't know as you could find the house if you hadn't been there."

"You charge only twelve and a half cents a quart for your berries; that is too little, Jeremiah. They are worth twenty-five cents. And that makes a dollar owing to you. Could you bring me some more tomorrow?"

"How many?" inquired Jeremiah, with a lighting up of his face which it was sorrowful to see.

"How many could you get? I'll take all you can bring. I have a use for them."

"All right," said the boy; and he took up his pail to go.

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Murray. "Here is a piece of gingerbread for your dinner to-morrow, while you are getting blackberries for me. And manage to get here at supper-time, if you can, and we'll have supper together. And one thing more; tell your mother I am very sorry she is sick, and ask her what she would like to eat, that we may send her something in your pail to-morrow. Now good night."

Jeremiah went off without any answering salutation; and they watched his old hat till it disappeared again below the brow of the hill.

"What a brown little thing!" said Josie. "Is that his real color, Mrs. Ponsonby? or would it wash off?"

"I do not think it would wash off, Josie."

"It is the dye of the sun," said Mr. Murray. "You would have to shut him up from the sun for a year or two and keep him close and dark; and then he would come out white again."

"Would that make him white?"

"The same process that keeps you so."

"Nothing in the world would bring me to that color!" said Josie. "My skin is very delicate."

"If you were out in the weather at all times, getting your living, my dear, it would soon grow brown, and rough."

"But children don't need to be out for getting their living. Mr. Murray?" said Josie.

"Did you never see them in New York streets?" said Mr. Murray. "Ah, the tread of that black horse in John's vision has fallen heavily on many a little head. It is less heavy on this little fellow, because he is out on the green hills, where the blessed sun burns him and the blackberries together; instead of New York streets and some New York cellar, noisome and dark, where he would 'damp off,' as the gardeners say, for want of fresh air. As so many do!"

"Why does God let them, uncle Eden?" Maggie asked, coming closer.

"I told you, Maggie dear, he will not do for us the work he has given us to do. If it were not for sin, there would be no suffering poor."

"What did you mean by the tread of the black horse?"

"I guess it's too late to-night; we'll talk about it to-morrow."

"Uncle Eden," said Fenton now, "you know Mr. Bunce, that was at Mosswood last week?"

BREAD AND MEAT.

Many women can make nice cake, and excel in manufacturing frosted-pies and puddings, who do not know the first step towards making good bread, or broiling and roasting meats properly.

When we know bread and meat give us strength, life, and fancy cooking tends to shorten and embitter existence, substantial should claim our chief attention in the culinary department.

But experimental knowledge is necessary. Every woman should thoroughly understand bread-making, from the yeast to taking the loaf from the oven. This practical knowledge is needful, even if to teach others.

To eat heavy, sour, over-ripened bread, or golden-hued from an over-dose of soda, is not only extremely unpalatable, but in many instances the stepping-stone to disease. Such miserable indigestible chaff as many families are obliged to eat, with nice flour and every facility for making and baking, is a sinful abomination.

Tender, juicy meats are too often made tasteless and tough by putting a nice roast into a moderately hot oven, to stew in a pan of water two or three hours, with little or no attention given to the "basting" with flour and salt.

The gravy served with such roasting is generally thin and fat, with burnt particles swimming on the top. Perchaps, instead of the roast, it is a nice slice of sirloin to broil. In place of the glowing coals and hot gridiron, so as to broil quickly, and retain the juices of the meat, it is put into a greased spider to fry. In that case, instead of the blood-making, palatable broil, we get the insubstantial, non-appetizing fry. We wonder at the patience sometimes

manifested when such miserably cooked meats appear upon the table. We pity those who are obliged to suffer it.

Pork, poultry, in fact every kind of meat, except beef, should be thoroughly cooked.

If we desire good bread, time and thought must be given to the

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

LIFE INSURANCE INCIDENTS.

COMMUNICATED BY AN AGENT OF THE
EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug., 1873.

I induced Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau to apply to the Equitable Life Assurance Society for a policy of \$10,000 on the fifteen years endowment plan. He preferred that kind of policy, because he enjoyed unusual good health. The doctor pronounced him a man of extraordinary good physique, and stated that he was not likely to die of disease. Six months after this opinion of the doctor was given, the insurance of \$10,000 was paid to his widow.

In 1866 Mr. John F. Ellis, a tradesman, who was in very robust health, applied to me for \$15,000 insurance on his life in the Equitable Society. The policies were issued. He lived to pay premiums during three years. His widow, aided by this insurance money, was enabled to continue his business, which, otherwise would have been closed with great loss to his family.

Mr. N. C. McKnew, wholesale grocer, took out policies in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, amounting to \$15,000. He had paid four years premiums when he died. Without this insurance money his estate would have realized nothing at all for his family.

Mr. Bemis, the chief clerk of the Freedmen's Bureau at Washington, insured his life in the Equitable for \$5,000 as soon as he married. Brain fever killed him eighteen months afterwards, and this insurance was all the property that he left to his widow.

Mr. C. S. Leans made to me an application for an insurance of \$5,000 on his life, in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, on the endowment plan. Before I had mailed the papers to New York, he came to my office and requested me to reduce the amount to \$3,000, saying that in about six months he would apply for \$7,000 more—as he wanted \$10,000 insurance in all. He died of typhoid fever forty-five days after his policy was issued, and the \$3,000 (which he intended to have been \$10,000) was promptly paid to his poor widow, who was in great need of it.

Mr. Joseph Carson, of Baltimore, insured his life for a large amount, a part of which I placed in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Being a merchant engaged in very large operations, he did not give his brain the necessary rest; and he died at Cape May, of apoplexy. Although he had a large estate, this insurance was the best investment of money he ever made, as he paid only three years' premiums. His brother, Thomas J. Carson the banker, was also insured in the Equitable and other companies for large amounts. He survived his brother about a year.

An acquaintance upbraided me a few days ago for not using more persistence, at an interview I had with him some months since, when he talked to me about insuring his life in the Equitable Life Assurance Society. He would not be insured at that time; he wanted to wait awhile. Now he has a hemorrhage from the lungs, and blames the life insurance agent for not forcing him to insure his life in season! His wife and children will suffer severely in consequence of his neglect to make this provision for them when it might have been done, if he had not postponed his duty until it was too late to do it.

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The Secular World.
LATEST NEWS.
The Farmers' granges claim 1,000,000 members.
Mr. Gladstone is too ill to attend to his parliamentary duties.
The island of Jamaica is suffering from drought.

The New York Times article on the "Perils of Protestantism," is attracting much attention.

Four thousand Carlists were reported on Monday as marching on the town of Berga, fifty miles from Barcelona.

The last large iron pile for anchoring the East River Bridge, is placed, and the other work is fast progressing. On the Brooklyn side the tower is nearly completed, and the one on the New York side is well advanced.

Gen. H. M. Whittlesey, of the Washington Freedmen's Bureau, under treatment for paralysis at the insane asylum, died on Monday last at W.

The Rev. Dr. Elliott of St. Louis, has placed himself at the head of a movement to test the legality of the civil law in that city.

The Journal says, Gen. Butler declines to go up in the Graphic balloon. He will wait until next autumn to make his second aerial voyage.

During a heavy storm in Baltimore on Sunday morning, a vessel and a stable were struck by lightning, and the foundations of several houses were washed away.

Governor Coburn of Maine, who has been a firm friend of the Colby University at Waterville, is to have the new natural science building named Coburn Hall, in his honor.

The governor-general of Canada ordered a royal commission to investigate the charges brought against the ministry by Mr. Huntington in the House of Commons.

About forty lives were lost by the burning of the steamer Wawaset, on the Potomac River, on Friday. The boat was carrying three times the number of passengers permitted by the inspector's certificate. An official investigation will be held.

A destructive fire took place in Portland last Saturday afternoon. The steamers Montreal, Dirigo, and the Carliota, Gal's wharf and the Atlantic wharf, the only grain elevator in the city, a bonded warehouse, several smaller buildings and freight sheds, and a considerable quantity of freight were destroyed. The loss is estimated at over \$800,000; and the insurance on the whole is only about \$200,000.

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